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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The attempted assassination of Mr. McKinley occurred almost on the anniversary of the death of the Empress of Austria. There are grave fears that the second crime may be as fatal as the first. In spite of the bullet having penetrated the stomach, it seemed at first as if skilful surgery had triumphed; but suddenly there were indications of heart failure and according to latest telegrams it was found necessary to use strychnine; but some hope is still held out. Such a deed must shock the whole civilised world and its sympathy for the President and his wife is well seen in the messages of its rulers. Mr. McKinley has borne himself as a brave man and has the world's admiration. Of his assassin the less said the better. Anarchy is often fed by egotistic craving for notoriety and more of its instruments are actuated by motives of weak ambition than by morose broodings on the crimes of government. Czolgosz is reported to have been inspired to the deed by the words of a woman lecturer, who has since been arrested. If this is so, the weakness of his intellect indeed stands self-confessed.

In spite of the many ingenious and ridiculous conjectures as to the inner significance of the Tsar's visits to his peers, there seems to be a general consensus of instructed opinion that his action will tend to the consolidation of peace. But the emphasis is laid by his entertainers on the implements of war. The German Emperor, losing no chance of intensifying the national zeal for the navy, has received the Tsar at Danzig with a naval demonstration; while excitement in France is chiefly centred on the coming review of troops. The national policies and ambitions of Germany and France are indicated in the manner of the reception, and though the Tsar's intentions may be only bent on good fellowship, politicians are forced to consider possible political effects. The Tsar may be merely overcome by the desire to shake M. Loubet by the hand; but the joining of their hands is not at all unlikely to strengthen the weakened stability of the Triple Alliance. Great rulers cannot regulate the effects of their personal friendships. The French crowds will see significance in the Tsar's visit however distinctly they are officially told to display nothing more serious than their "national bonhomie".

The squabble between France and Turkey may have no more serious result than the cost of a few return tickets. The Porte has already settled one banker's claims by the promise to pay the sum of £154,000 in instalments extending over the period of two years. No official notice has yet been taken of this and other promises on the part of the Sultan, who is not to be allowed to become a good boy without the sanction of the French Government. Over and above her desire to assume a dignified rôle France is at present too busy with the prospect of the Tsar's arrival to pay any attention to any other friend—or enemy; but when the visit is over and the Dual Alliance has been held up to the admiration of the world the Sultan's promise of reformation and restitution will be accepted with due condescension. The more the rupture of negotiations is considered the more clear it becomes that M. Constans forced the hand of his Government. His precipitancy was not without effect, the threats have at least taught the Sultan the real dangers of continuous procrastination. Whether he will remember the lesson is another question.

That the remarkable increase of Russian activity in the Balkan Peninsula should cause uneasiness in Vienna is not surprising. But that Russia should consider herself justified in the endeavour to extend her supremacy in that part of the world is quite comprehensible. The growth of German influence in the Near East is a menace to Russia's Pan-Slavic aspirations. Her regard for Germany's "strong arm" caused her to recede in 1849, but the extraordinary development of German trade in the Balkan States is causing considerable anxiety at S. Petersburg, and has led to a renewal of active policy. Serbia and Bulgaria both stand pledged to Russia for favours received, and though the proposal to agitate in favour of a customs and commercial treaty between Russia and Austria and the establishment of a Pan-Slavic bank in Moscow to finance business projects in Serbia may lead to nothing, it shows that the Pan-Slavists are not idle. Meanwhile Austria relies on Roumania who has everything to gain by co-operating with the Powers of the Triple Alliance, and whose position would be most important in the event of a crisis. Russia is not likely, however, to precipitate matters, her hands are very full at present, and M. de Witte could not fail to violently oppose any undertaking that would endanger his scheme for the reconstruction of his country's finances.

Lord Roberts has at last published the full list of officers and men whom he wishes to mention for "special and meritorious service" in South Africa. He apologises for the length of the list; but the nature of

the fighting, the number of small engagements in which there was unusual scope for personal bravery and skill has no parallel in British history and no one will wonder at the number of the special distinctions. However the army may have failed, the individual soldiers, even in the opinion of the foreign military attachés, have been "splendid". Lord Roberts' high appreciation of the promptitude with which the Indian contingent was despatched was well deserved. There is no doubt that its opportune arrival "saved the situation in Natal"; but there are not many people who will feel inclined to endorse Lord Roberts' appreciation of the work at the War Office. The confession that Natal was saved by Indian troops, the special attention which Lord Roberts draws to the invaluable work of the civil hospitals and Red Cross societies are in themselves indications of the inadequacy of military organisation in Pall Mall. But perhaps this compliment was merely the result of official politeness necessitated by Lord Roberts' present position.

Lord Kitchener's dispatches have generally been such models of comprehensive brevity that one may regret the use of an unnecessary word in his last. He spoke of the "total bag" of Boers during the week. The "total" would have been more dignified. One does not expect nicety of phrase in a general telegraphing from the hurly-burly, but the art of omission is one which every writer of a dispatch should cultivate. There is however this excuse for the metaphor that the majority of the prisoners captured during the week had been hunted, like game, from the kloofs and hiding places of the mountains. To-morrow is the 15th of September, and from the day on which the Proclamation was first published the list of surrenders has increased. For the three weeks ending 19 August there were 237 surrenders; in the following three weeks there were 475, almost exactly double. No one ever expected a general surrender of the chiefs but it is absurd in the face of these figures to say the Proclamation has had no effect, and with regard to its second article the financial lesson, that the Boers must support their own wives and families, is one which Mr. Kruger's subjects will appreciate naturally and by education.

It needs an intricate knowledge of South African geography to follow the episodes of the fighting. At no time have the activities for the troops been more widely dispersed. Thanks to the blockhouse system the Magaliesberg district has been effectually cleared. Lord Methuen has been ranging as widely as usual in the district east of Zeerust and has had a successful running fight, extending over five days, with Delarey. Near Driefontein Colonel Crabbe surprised a commando of 100 men. Three men were killed including Vandermerwe, described as Scheepers' most active lieutenant, and 37 captured. Here and there the Boers have themselves been aggressive. Colonel Munro was attacked in a pass on his way to Dordrecht, and a large commando made a determined attempt to take the Herschel Residency, defended by a handful of men. On both occasions the enemy were repulsed with loss. There has also been some persistent sniping along the Delagoa Railway. Surrenders continue to increase, the last man of any note being a son of ex-President Kruger. In Pretoria a large batch of trials of men charged with treachery has just been concluded. The mere naïveté of the defence that the treachery was "dictated by common humanity" is in itself a sufficient proof of the leniency of the British courts-martial.

The secret of the subject of the Presidential Address to the British Association is always religiously guarded. On the last two occasions the surprise has been complete, but not for the reason that any new theory or discovery was published. Professor Rücker, as his predecessor, was chiefly retrospective. Sir Michael Foster summed up the development of science in the century; Professor Rücker spoke an able defence of the Atomic theory, which was first suggested in 1804 and has dominated the science of the past century. It has been severely criticised, as evolution has been criticised; and has stood the test with equal success. It remains, no doubt, like evolution, still on the

theoretic plane, but it cannot be seriously challenged till some hypothesis is found which shall account with equal plausibility for an equal number of phenomena. Most of the greater discoveries have been made, like Kepler's ellipse, deductively and have been tested by comparison with rival hypotheses rather than by the process of induction whose value Bacon so greatly exaggerated. It is Professor Rücker's opinion that the Atomic theory will stand the test of twentieth as effectively as of nineteenth century criticism.

The Thirteenth Section of the British Association seems to be the most popular as well as the newest. It was time that science and education should join company. If future discussions follow the principles outlined by the presidential address the country will have reason to be deeply grateful to the Association. Sir John Gorst said little that was new and gave the smallest indication of the actual intentions of the Government; he satisfied no one's curiosity; but principle comes before practice. The object of education is character and at any rate in much primary education character goes by the board. A teacher who is responsible for a class of eighty pupils is shut off from the possibility of considering the formation of character as part of his business; and yet education of this nature is held up as an ideal by many supporters of the Board School system, as if children were slates to be turned out mechanically in even lengths, by the cartload. The same neglect of the claims of character is shown by those who preach the imperative need of technical education. Good technical education is a most valuable commercial aid; its excellence in Denmark and Germany has been of great value to the national wealth; but it is more than useless if the power of thought and observation has not first been developed by a liberal education of both mind and character. The absence of definite information in Sir John Gorst's speech has caused some disappointment but he was speaking, it must be remembered, not as a representative of the Government department, but in the capacity of a philosopher participating in a philosophic discussion.

The decision of the Trades Union Congress not to suspend the standing orders for the purpose of allowing the question of the war to be discussed may of course be explained as Mr. Keir Hardie did subsequently. His explanation is that the Congress felt it would be unfair to take up time which ought to be devoted to trade questions. This however is really a great deal more disingenuous than the view of "the war party" who, as he quite correctly foretold, have taken the vote as showing that the Congress had no sympathy with the anti-war resolution. The story of the elections shows that labour members spoiled their chances in working-class constituencies by attacking the Government over the war. It is true they have treated the war as a political and not a trade matter, but that fact furnishes no fair basis for the argument that the resolution would have been passed if business had allowed it to be discussed. The simplest explanation is that the Congress did not want to be bothered with the heroics of the Hardieites.

It is to the credit of Cardinal Vaughan that he has frankly admitted the force of Sir Ernest Clarke's evidence against the authenticity of the S. Edmund relics: credulity and piety too often go hand in hand. Cardinal Vaughan took great trouble to get what he genuinely believed to be the bones of "S. Edmund" conveyed from the Benedictine Abbey to England; but his examination of the historical evidence must have been very cursory. In the first place there was no mention in English history of the theft of the relics. Secondly it was known that in the sixteenth century the words "confessor of the English king" were found after the name S. Edmund. Subsequently the words "confessor of" dropped out, to the great enhancement of the value of the relics. Thirdly the legend was entirely oral. Fourthly the same church, in which lay the reputed relics of S. Edmund, the English king, was alleged to contain the bones of five of the Apostles. Cardinal Vaughan has given way before the weight of evidence, and the



surrender is to his credit; but it is not to the credit of the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church that by neglect of Criticism, Higher or Lower, they allow uneducated piety to bestow reverence on false objects. "Frauds" are never "pious" and often destructive of true belief.

There was some patriotism as well as broad candour in Cardinal Vaughan's attack on the Royal Declaration. It is outrageous—not to use Cardinal Vaughan's "blasphemous"—that one division of the universal church should be picked out for uncomely language, especially when many of the King's most loyal subjects belong to that church. But Cardinal Vaughan went beyond the mark when he urged that it would be sufficient for the King to declare himself Protestant. The union between Church and State is not so loose nor so unessential that the monarch on coming to the Throne can neglect to declare himself an active participant in the life of the Church of England. The Royal Declaration goes far back in history, and it is demanded by proper pride in the nation's continuity that as much of the old phrasing as possible should be preserved. Britain is not starting afresh. Cardinal Vaughan's further contention that an oath would have no binding power on a King, if his later conscience rebelled against it, is beside the point. It also savours of casuistry.

Is there one canon of honour for the army and another for the navy? If not, and if Lord Selborne's opinions have any weight in military circles, then his speech delivered at the Portsmouth banquet on Wednesday to Admiral Seymour and the other officers recently on active service in China, will be the occasion of some searching of heart among army men. There are occasions he said when surrender is honourable to the men who surrender, but "the presumption which every member of his Majesty's navy ought always to carry before him is that surrender is in itself an unutterable disgrace". To what extent Lord Selborne was thinking of certain events which have occurred during the war in South Africa, rather than of the achievements of British forces in China, he alone can say, but the "presumption" was a little pointed and loses none of its force when considered with another, and in this case epigrammatic passage in his speech concerning the value of life. "Human life was a very valuable thing, but one of its most valuable assets was the fact that on occasion it could be given away." Lord Selborne's reference to Grenville and the "Revenge" was an excellent illustration of the idea embodied in the French Guard's boast: "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders." But he can hardly imagine that any ship could be fought today as Grenville fought the "Revenge". Modern weapons render it impossible, and modern weapons are no doubt chiefly responsible for the surrenders in South Africa. There comes a time when not to surrender means the purposeless annihilation of helpless men. Whether the men ought ever to get into a position where it is a case either of surrender or purposeless annihilation is another question.

The Report of the Indian Famine Commission makes melancholy reading. One and a quarter million people died of famine. The death rate is described as "lamentably high" and the Bombay Government is severely criticised. The criticism is chiefly concerned with the "extravagance" of the relief; but if relief was extravagant and yet three-quarters of a million died of famine in the one presidency what is the outlook for the future? The recommendations of the Commission are numerous and detailed; by following their principle of decentralisation, relief in future may be given with more despatch and less waste. But famines in India where population grows with every gush of prosperity can be only modified not prevented by skill of organisation.

Lord Avebury and other commercial optimists will possibly derive satisfaction from the Board of Trade returns for August. During that month there was a decline in the value of exports as compared with August 1900 of no less than £779,054. For the eight months of the year as compared with the same time last year there was a decrease of £6,524,206. Imports during

the month were also down to the value of £1,159,919, but for the eight months of the year they still show an increase of £8,351,283. If therefore we add the decrease in exports to the increase in imports in the first two-thirds of the year, the record is £15,000,000 against us. Part of the decline on the export side is accounted for by coal both as regards quantity and price, but that is not a matter for lament. Nor is it necessarily due to the export duty. There seems to be a general impression abroad that the whole world is in for a period of bad trade, and competition will naturally become keener as business shows a tendency to fall off. All the plausible platitudes of the Cobdenites will not suffice to convince us that the trade position is not becoming yearly more serious.

If it were not likely to be considered an insult to a man who has made some mark in literature, one might describe Lord Rosebery as a perfect journalist. He speaks on any subject at short notice and the less his knowledge the more delightful his utterance. His speech to the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society was a masterpiece of skilled ignorance. He quoted the famous passage in Bacon, of course, and so proved himself the peer of the great gardeners of history, for no writer on horticulture has ever omitted the quotation. He unearthed an old gardening book of 1683 and had the courage to read out an immense list of the herbs there mentioned as invaluable for the "physic garden". Then he quoted Bacon a second time, and as a peroration passed easily to the charms of a Continental Bradshaw. The charm of the speech was made by the charm of the subject. A garden is not less delightful to amateurs than to botanical professors, and of this the extraordinary popularity of the literature of the subject in the last year or two is sufficient evidence. But a book on gardening is not, as Lord Rosebery suggested, on the same lines as a Continental Bradshaw: it is an excellent alternative for those not able to enjoy travel.

Dr. von Miguel who died suddenly at Frankfort on 8 September had some resemblance to Lord Halifax, the "man above party", or as he called himself "the political trimmer". He passed in his time from the ardent Socialism that became a student of Karl Marx to the pronounced Toryism that was natural in a confidential adviser of the Emperor. Dr. von Miguel narrowly missed being a great name in politics. As Minister of Finance he proved by a succession of famous budgets his great financial ability, and chiefly by his reformation of the property tax, which he caused to be assessed by voluntary declaration and the graduation of the income tax, he steered Prussia through a succession of several financial crises. After his appointment as Vice-President of the Prussian Ministry in 1893 his pre-eminence in German politics seemed assured. But his capacity for compromise became so pronounced over the Canal Bills that the Kaiser lost faith in him: his care for the interest of Conservative landowners was hardly consistent with an ungrudging support of the Elbe-Rhine Bill on which the Emperor's heart was set. His resignation was accepted in May of this year when the Kaiser found in Count von Bülow an able successor.

Lord Morris like Dr. von Miguel died suddenly and very soon after his retirement. Wherever he was known his presence will be greatly missed, in the House of Lords as in the Law Courts; for his success was due more to the force and charm of his personality than to great intellectual accomplishments. He had no intricate knowledge of the law nor great power of oratory; but he understood men and especially Irishmen, as few chief justices before him. The difficulty of the Irish question, he said, is that "a slow-witted and honest people are trying to govern a quick-witted and dishonest one". What a fund of that direct common sense, which is much the same as humour, this dictum indicates! He will long be remembered for phrases like this, though posterity will find no great achievement to point to in his whole career. But such common sense as his is too uncommon not to be memorable. What a good thing it would be if all the politicians

who will have to govern Ireland would remember that pregnant piece of his political sagacity: "I never knew a small town in Ireland that hadn't a blackguard in it who called himself 'the people'!" There is more than wit, or even humour, in such epigrammatic records of experience.

Motor-cars will possibly in the sequel be a benefit to society, but meantime and on minor counts they are often a menace. Carriage accidents without number have occurred through the irrepressible "scorching" of some drivers and the greater the pace at which they move the more assured their safety from detection. It is time, as Sir Howard Vincent has suggested in a letter to the "Times", that motor-cars were more systematically recognised and regulated by the law. Some precautionary measures should be passed to arrest the overbearing license which this irresponsibility fosters in the drivers and the cars should be taxed. Sir Howard Vincent puts the mean price of a motor at £500. The motor is a rich man's plaything and a poor man's terror, and is not to be compared with the bicycle which has now become almost a poor man's necessity. For example, a great number of harvesters were this year only enabled to get to their work by the help of cycles. But a tax on motor-cars, making exception for those used for trade purposes, would hurt no one and is only the logical development of the carriage tax. To put an extreme case, it is a ridiculous anomaly that a tradesman who takes out his wife and family for a drive in his broken-down trap should be liable to pay a carriage tax, when a man who has spent £1,000 on a motor-car should be altogether exempt.

Who could have supposed that the report to the effect that Lord Salisbury has decided to retire from office within a year or two—honestly, we forget which—would be taken solemnly, taken indeed at all, by anybody? Obviously it was just a pack of nonsense, seeming most unlikely to set the veriest gobemouche agog. Yet it has been accepted with positive obsequiousness in some quarters and nice preparations made in print for filling up the gap. Could egregiousness further go? It is about as sad a case as that of the traditional London correspondent who wrote in his country paper a paragraph strongly urging the Prime Minister to take a certain course, and followed this up a little later with the statement: "I am glad to see the Prime Minister reads this column," &c. If it is deemed necessary to write something about Lord Salisbury, now at a moment when there is a lull in home politics, why not say that he is living quietly enough at Hatfield and will presently go South for a change? It would not be thrilling, but it would be truth at any rate.

The Bank statement of Thursday exhibited a strengthening of the reserve by £404,400; both coin and notes have been returned from the provinces and the resultant of the various changes is a slight reduction in the proportion to 52½ per cent. as against 53 per cent. last week. The issue of the New South Wales 3 per cent. loan of £4,000,000 was very successful, tenders for small amounts received allotment in full and the remainder received about 60 per cent. of the application. The fact of last Saturday being a holiday on the Stock Exchange allowed time for operators to take a calmer view of the situation created by the attempt on Mr. McKinley's life and the action of the New York bankers in supporting the market contributed to keep prices up. The less favourable reports of the President's condition received at the time of writing have however seriously depressed the market and reliable information from New York is anxiously awaited. The prices of Home Rails have shown some fluctuation with an upward tendency, and the Southern lines are especially better. The approach of the 15th and various rumours induced activity in the Kaffir market and on Thursday quotations were higher but have since relapsed. The remaining markets have been without interest. Consols 93½ ex div. Bank rate 3 per cent. (13 June 1901).

#### ANARCHY AND ASSASSINATION.

THE anarchists have furnished a new example to the world of their favourite doctrine of "killing no murder", where the head of a State is in question. With cold-blooded passionless impartiality they have demonstrated that they make no distinctions between one form of government and another. The despotism of Russia and the Republicanism of America are alike under their ban. They have no gradations of approval or disapproval of political systems. They hate the Tsar not a whit more than they hate Mr. McKinley. With the mad formula of "Down with all government", the societies send out the crazy creatures whom they use as their instruments, and there is nothing that men ordinarily think of as political objects accomplished when an Emperor or President is laid low. Only one more murder has been committed, or a murderous assault made on the head of a state which is utterly futile in result. From all parts of the world, from sovereigns and statesmen and parties of every variety of political opinion and social status, comes evidence of horror and of sympathy with the victim. Then we hear of a trial of the anarchist miscreants, of their perpetual imprisonment, or putting to death. Much talk is heard of measures for repressing the teaching of anarchism, and for the surveillance and punishment of its teachers and promoters. But nothing is done; and the only thing clear so far from the long series of anarchist murders in Russia, in Italy, France, and now the murderous attack on Mr. McKinley, is that the attempted suppression of anarchism by governments has been as great a failure as the attempted suppression of governments by anarchists has been and must be.

With a programme of only one item it would seem that the suppression of anarchism ought to be easy. Governments and peoples may sometimes hesitate long over proposed changes, but it is surprising they should do so when the proposal is to eliminate all governments whatever, irrespective of their particular character, and to reduce everything to the primitive condition of anarchy by the primitive method of murder. If anarchists of the Czolgosz type were amenable to reason at all it might be pointed out to them that assassination for their special purpose is altogether useless. Assassination to remove a dynasty, or some particular tyrant of a dynasty, or for party purposes, is an ancient mode of political action and has sometimes been successful. We have heard of despotism tempered with assassination as a tolerable form of government. The ethics of assassination in the political world have not always been so absolute as those of what we may call simple murder. Philosophers finally judged it on the principles of utilitarianism, and urged that as a method of propagandism it was not justified by its success. Now the American anarchists have classified themselves as the lowest form of humans intellectually (we may leave others to dwell upon their dehumanisation in other respects) by acting as if they thought the murder of a President of the United States could affect the ordinary course of political thought for a moment. Assassination aimed at an established dynasty might in some circumstances throw a nation into confusion and accomplish the object of anarchism, but it could have no such effect in America. Even in France, where hereditary claimants of a crown and anti-Republicans are avid of every opportunity, an assassination of the President would probably strengthen the Republic. In America, in Mr. McKinley's case, the atrocious attempt on his life has added that feeling of personal loyalty and affection which is so strong an element in monarchy and so weak in republicanism, to the admiration felt for Mr. McKinley as a statesman, and the ordinary respect felt for his office. Mr. McKinley must now be added to that long list of rulers, hereditary and otherwise, who have shown that they can meet with equal dignity and courage all the terrors that organised conspiracies to murder can wield. Anarchists are therefore not even entitled to that cynical kind of respect which has always been willingly accorded to a party likely to succeed. "Treason never prospers. What's the reason? If it prospers none dare call it treason." They have no political pro-



gramme which can either be granted or refused. They have no part in any of the ideals and aims of the nations amongst whom they show themselves. At a time when, throughout Europe and America, every current of political thought tends more and more towards the idea of strengthening State action, in order to carry out more effectively beneficent changes in the condition of the poorer classes of society, anarchism raises its head as the ghastly *reductio ad absurdum* of individualism and the antithesis of every form of socialism. There can be a sort of anarchistic teaching which in itself is harmless. Some people dignify it with the name of a philosophy. Miss Emma Goldman whom Czolgosz claims as instructor and patron—*invita Minerva*, however, at least since the soi-disant pupil has been arrested—may be as she says a teacher of anarchy of this kind. We have such anarchists here, only we call them cranks, who assuming the quite allowable hypothesis that the perfect man would need no government, denounces all government action at present. They may claim that murder is neither a direct nor an inferential part of their anarchism; but if in any country the facts point to their association we should put the Goldmans and the Czolgoszes together in the same class as inciters to murder. England and America have equally been to blame in making too fine distinctions, or international efforts at suppression would have already been made. Anarchism has no programme but murder, and any teaching that organised government might, could, or ought to be abolished should be treated as part of the murderous conspiracy, defined as a crime, and punished at any stage when it made itself public.

America has received a sharp admonition for her boast of freedom of speech which she has carried to even greater lengths than England. We at least sent to prison the creature Most who in America is now gloating over, while he deplores the failure of, the attempt to murder Mr. McKinley. In England moreover we have a law of treason which would ensure that Czolgosz should be hanged. Both America and France might go so far as that in protecting their Presidents without invalidating their republicanism. There is no doubt considerable difficulty in bringing about international action between nations whose notions of liberty are so different. But why should not the freer countries of the world, with this example of American anarchism before their eyes, adopt more stringent national measures? It would be a weak shirking of difficulties merely to adopt deportation or to prohibit the entrance of possible anarchists. Each would be trying to shift a common burden on to its neighbour. Each should devise repressive measures to meet this particular danger, guided indeed by its own traditions of freedom but not allowing a blind reverence for catchwords of liberty to stultify its right of government. England, France and America have been unduly subservient to these catchwords and empty formulas. It seems a suitable time now for dealing with the subject when the President of the United States has barely escaped death, when American anarchists are said to have prophesied the death of the German Emperor, and when Frenchmen are trembling at the possibility of anarchist plots against the Tsar while he is on the soil of France. The enactment of sterner laws against anarchism and the surveillance of its own anarchists is a duty which each country owes to itself. The question of international measures is a matter of much greater difficulty, and the extradition of refugees is complicated by the various standards of political freedom which prevail. We are not insensible to what may be said as to anarchism having its source in bad government, the repression of national freedom, and the abounding contrasts of splendour and squalor. But anarchy has not a practical word to say on these subjects. It does not count; it is entirely impotent except for murder. It has become a disease which is transmitted from one mad anarchist to another as hydrophobia is transmitted from one mad dog to another; and the mad dog and the mad anarchist have about the same capacity of reasoning as to the source from which they get their virus, or the objects they propose to themselves by biting. Whatever else may be said about the duties of governments it is clearly their

duty to devise international measures for suppressing the maddest of mad fanaticisms. The Governments of England and the United States would have a stronger hand than they have had on previous occasions, owing to the effect now produced on public opinion in both countries by the outrage on the President.

#### THEORY IN SCIENCE.

THE address of the President of the British Association, delivered at Glasgow last Wednesday evening, differs in an important respect from the addresses given by many of his predecessors. In a sense much scientific work is unproductive, or at least not directly productive, and readily may be interpreted as trivial pedantry or idle curiosity. When Charles Dickens introduced Mr. Pickwick as "the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead and agitated the scientific world of Hampstead with his 'Theory of Tittlebats'" it seemed as if he were throwing genial ridicule merely on the incompetent faddist. But the "Mudfog Papers, or Reports of the Meetings of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything" show with sufficient plainness his view of scientific pursuits. President Woodensconce, Mr. Blunderdum, Professor Rummun and the others were not figures of frolic comedy, incidentally devoted to science; to his mind their scientific pursuits were in themselves inherently ridiculous and required only nominal changes to be obviously ridiculous. There are very many who share this part of the character of Dickens and to whom the daily routine of scientific work seems laborious silliness; yet if the work of the investigator is to go on a careless world must provide the funds for it. For the most part some feeling of this necessity has been in the minds of many Presidents, and they have taken the function of the Presidential Address to be in the first place the advancement of science by the method of advertisement or proclamation. The imagination of the public has been stirred by the great achievements of science. Balance-sheets have been presented showing the prodigious practical value of scientific results. Much use has been made of the dramatic contrast between the means and the ends; the naturalist floundering over ditches with his butterfly net, weighing the excreta of earthworms for half a century, spending years on a monograph on barnacles, and yet elaborating a theory which has made a revolution in modern thought: the chemist weighing air to a point of accuracy a thousand times more delicate than the ordinary imagination can conceive and finding in the process a new element: the investigator of the blood corpuscles of a water-flea discovering the great agency by which the human body fights against the assaults of the germs of disease: such are perennial figures in presidential addresses. The appeal is frankly and designedly to the public. The ideas conveyed, the manner of their presentation, and the language employed, all have been chosen for the general rather than the scientific world.

Professor Rücker, the President of this year, has taken a different line. His address is not a paean of victory but a serious, although confident, preparation for the spectres in the "Valley of Humiliation". It is directed in the first place to other scientific men, and although lucidly and often beautifully expressed, the direct use of technical terms, and the frequent citation of exact authorities bring with them a savour of a Royal Society paper rather than of a popular address. The President dealt with some of the "hypotheses and assumptions on which the fabric of modern theoretical science has been built". The three chief conceptions of physical science have been the theories of the existence of atoms, of the mechanical nature of heat, and of the existence of the ether. It cannot be doubted that at least two of these, the existence of particulate atoms and of the ether, are at the present time asserted with a less confident dogmatism than was the case a dozen years ago. Professor Rücker, however, was careful to point out that the historical, and even the present, advantage of these theories is not bound up with any conception of their absolute truth. In the first place, any introduction of such terms as "truth" and "ab-

solute" plunges us at once into a maze of metaphysics, and in the second place, provisional hypotheses have an honourable function in science. By two admirable metaphors the President illustrated the advantage that may be obtained from imperfect or even partly erroneous hypotheses. "A person who thought that a river was really a streak of blue paint might learn as much about its direction from a map as one who knew it as it is"; and, later, "A man peering into a darkened room, and describing what he thinks he sees, may be right as to the general outline of the objects he discerns, wrong as to their nature and precise forms. In his description, fact and fancy may be blended, and it may be difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins; but even the fancies may not be worthless if they are based on a fragment of truth, which will prevent the explorer from walking into a looking-glass or stumbling over the furniture. He who saw 'men as trees walking' had at least a perception of the fundamental fact that something was in motion around him." It would be difficult to put the case for the hypotheses of science and the working "models of nature" in a more convincing form. Science creeps slowly from observation to observation, constructing a scaffolding as it goes, and frequently the scaffolding may serve no better purpose than to reach from one point to another. From time to time it happens, and no doubt happens inevitably, that in the first confident pride in a new generalisation, and especially when the first new results come from working with the new hypothesis, that the generalisations and hypotheses are taken by scientific men for more than they are worth, and are presented to the public with undue dogmatism. The disillusion causes at first a considerable shock, and the way is open for such unsympathetic critics of science as Dr. James Ward whom the President quoted as saying that "the progress of science so far is briefly this: divergence between theory and fact one part of the way, the wreckage of abandoned fictions for the rest, with an unattainable goal of phenomenal nihilism and ultra-physical mechanism beyond". A philosopher might have been expected to be more cognisant of the dialectic of Hegel; the progress of all knowledge that has been gained by the mental activities of man has followed one routine, the advancement of a proposition, the advancement of another proposition directly contradictory, the reconciliation of the contradictories in a higher unity.

Not content with pointing out the essentially provisional nature of the atomic theory, and with stating the case for the utility of provisional theories, Professor Rücker passed on to devote the larger and more technical part of his address to an exposition of the arguments in favour of it. Into this elaborate discussion we need not follow him at length. It is enough to say that he brought forward abundant evidence in favour of what he aptly called the "coarse-grainedness" or particulate character of matter. We may no longer be certain as to the existence of atoms as solid, indestructible, indivisible particles of matter essentially distinct in kind from the ether in which they are placed. There is room left for further knowledge or further theory as to the divisibility of the atoms into particles different in kind and yet more minute, and inferences become more in favour of the possibility of a relation between the atoms of different elements suggesting their evolution from a common substratum. There is still room for the hypothesis that the atoms are not solid particles but vortices or strains, and that they may be not different in "substance" from the ether itself. But Professor Rücker assures us of the probability of their existence as units of some order in the hierarchy of matter, and he assures us equally that physiology and biology have as yet found no evidence in the manifestations of living matter of any essential difference from, or independence of, physical phenomena among the forms of organic matter, or the activities of life.

Citizens of London who take any interest in the educational problems of this great city will scrutinise Professor Rücker's address with a special interest. It usually happens that the President of the British Association is a man whose career is definitely marked out

on settled lines. Professor Rücker is on the threshold of a new career. Up to the present time he has been a typical scientific professor of the higher order, his life divided between successful teaching and arduous and valuable research. With a self-sacrifice that can be appreciated at its full only by those who are engaged in progressive investigation, he has accepted the post of Principal of the reconstructed University of London. The great task to which he has addressed himself involves the practically complete abandonment of scientific investigation for many years. The work of creating a real institution out of a paper scheme, the infusion of a vital activity into an inert mass, the organisation of a shapeless collection of uncorrelated and rival bodies will completely absorb his powers and energy. His address was in a sense a farewell to science, but it is a good omen for his future work that he chose as his subject problems of real difficulty rather than dramatic exposition, and that he spoke for scientific men rather than for a popular audience. The new University must be an institution working for knowledge in preference to popularity, and the President of the British Association seems well fitted to guide its fortunes.

#### THE STRUGGLE IN COLOMBIA.

THE internecine strife in the Republic of Colombia, which has been raging for nearly two years, threatens not only to involve the adjacent Republics of Venezuela and Ecuador, but also to bring about far wider reaching complications. The Monroe Doctrine and all the possibilities of its amazing elasticity are very much to the front. The supposed or real greed of Continental Powers to seize upon large sections of Spanish America has become a palpitating question; and such grave subjects as a war between Germany and the United States, or a European coalition against the pretensions of the latter, are moot subjects for discussion. This gives to things Colombian an interest which they usually lack. It is well, as in all conflagrations, to study in the first place, and as far as possible, their cause and origin. Well-attested facts should only be taken into consideration, and the jar and jangle of political factions treated with contempt. These latter all the world over are wont to claim immaculate virtue for themselves, and are ready with accusations of utter rascality for their adversaries, but of parties as of men we may say with Sancho that they are "just as God made them, and often worse"!

The study of Colombian history, which covers a period of some seventy years, reveals the existence of two distinct and hostile tendencies manifest and at war not only since the early days of national independence, but even before the final triumph over the Spanish metropolis. The two parties have styled themselves Liberal and Conservative respectively. It would be a great error to suppose that they are identical in tendency or spirit with their English namesakes; names are apt to be misleading, as the effigies stamped upon coins which may be of gold, silver or copper. The same word may signify—especially in the case of parties in different countries—not only varying but even antagonistic tendencies. One thing however can be asserted—the misnamed Conservative party in Colombia is reactionary. The observer of Colombian political history soon acquires the conviction that the two hostile factions which incarnate the opposite tendencies have not been able to establish a *modus vivendi*, a basis of action common to both of them, by which they might exercise their endeavours peacefully. The differences separating Colombian parties are so great, the abyss that yawns between them is so deep, that the transition of power from one to the other—such is the tale of history—necessitates resort to violence. Both parties have governed the country at various times since its emancipation. After a revolution, which lasted over three years, the Liberals came into power in 1863, being in their turn replaced in 1885 by the Conservatives, who hold the government at present. The two periods named furnish the most recent record available as to both parties. Each one of them in its turn has given a fundamental law



or constitution to the country, embodying the tendencies and principles which it cherishes.

The Liberal Constitution of 1863 was moulded closely on the pattern of that of the United States; it consecrated as inalienable rights of the citizen the liberties deemed indispensable parts of modern civilisation: freedom of speech and of conscience, civil marriage and lay education. Latin American republics have been remarkably prolific in constitutions. The Colombian Constitution of 1863 may safely claim to be the freest and the most advanced document of its kind ever framed in Latin America and possibly in the world's history. Whether the people were ripe for such an ample measure of liberty, whether the standard of general education in the use of civil liberty and self-government was sufficiently high to warrant such laws, is a question which need not be entered into here. The fact remains, however, that the Constitution of 1863 stands as the proclamation of the aims and ideals of the Colombian Liberal party.

The Colombian so-called Conservatives have turned their back to the future and they seem each day to grow more enamoured of the ideals of the past. The Constitution which they proclaimed in 1886 abolishes the federal form and centralises all functions and powers of government in the person of the President of the Republic, who is the pivot of the whole machinery of the State; he is irresponsible and may at will suspend the constitution; the property and the liberty of the citizens are at his mercy, and his powers may be as despotic as those of the Sultan or the Tsar. It is true that personal property and liberty are only endangered as a rule by hostile political action; but the potentiality of unlimited despotic power exists. Under the Liberal régime the Roman Church enjoyed no special privileges; it was considered on a par with any other religious institution which might exist in the country. The religious orders were abolished by the Liberals. Under the present régime the Roman is recognised as the official religion of the land, against which nothing should be tolerated. The religious orders have been reinstated and are fostered by the Government. Their numbers, in a great measure from the accession of foreigners, have increased in a prodigious degree. The protection of the Government to these religious orders frequently takes the form of gifts of lands or buildings, exemptions from taxes and contributions of various kinds and employment in schools and colleges.

Colombia, like all the Latin countries of America, calls itself a republic, which should be a government of the people by the people and for the people, based on the popular vote. Elections, however, are far from being perfect. Some cynic had it that "he who counts the votes, elects". There is unfortunately a great deal of truth in this accusation; elections are not the expression of the will of the majority. A long period of education in free government is required before the registration of the public vote honestly and accurately becomes a fact. Frequent cases may be cited of the purchase of votes in the United States, on the basis of large contracts and huge deliveries as befits the land where all things are great. The difference in the method does not change the essence of the evil. Notwithstanding this great irregularity in counting the popular vote, the Conservatives had numerous representatives both in the provincial assemblies and in Congress during the Liberal régime, whilst the Liberals, who constitute at least one half of the Republic, as a rule have not been allowed any representation whatever in the deliberative bodies. On several occasions solemn promises have been made to them, but the most that they have ever obtained has been one vote out of the hundred and odd members of Congress, and none in the Senate. The Liberal press has lived when tolerated, but the suppression of newspapers, the imprisonment and the exile of public writers, and the confiscation of printing establishments, are events which have occurred repeatedly in all parts of the country during the Conservative régime. The liberty of the press has not been guaranteed by any law, and public writers have lived not on the basis of their rights, but thanks to the forbearance of the Government. The Liberals paid great

attention to primary education, and established a widely-spread system of public schools which, in its day, was the best in Latin America. They also had normal schools for the education of teachers in various parts of the country, and the national university had attained a high degree of prosperity and prestige.

Under the so-called Conservative régime, the primary schools have been practically abolished; the few that remain are in the hands of religious orders, mostly foreign, and the university, changed in name and in essence, has been entrusted to one of these. The violent anti-ecclesiastical spirit which takes every opportunity of misrepresenting the teaching of the religious orders has not been less busy in Colombia than elsewhere. In 1893 the public gossip in Bogotá the capital of the Republic, was that the professor entrusted with the teaching of penal legislation taught his pupils the doctrine that many human crimes deserve retribution worse than death; and that to punish them *ante mortem* tortures should be applied. If there were any truth in this gossip, and we do not for a moment credit it, no one will gainsay that it was in contradiction with the teaching of all modern churches. In the management of public affairs the Conservatives have not achieved success. Up to 1880 gold and silver were plentiful as currency in the land; exchange on Europe was practically at par; the public debt of the nation had a high quotation. The Conservative régime is responsible for the creation of inconvertible paper currency which is not only of forced circulation but which is declared by law to be the sole legal tender of the land to the exclusion of any other coin or specie. Contracts made in sterling, dollars or francs, are null. Thus commerce and industry have been chained to a national paper currency which very soon began to depreciate. A limit for the authorised issue was originally fixed, but the temptation to create financial resources in such an easy manner proved too great. Here indeed the true philosopher's stone had at last been discovered! The limit fixed was violated once as a concession to urgent requirements. The first step is the difficult one. After that concession, others came, so that long before the outbreak of the present conflict the issues of paper currency had swelled into tens of millions over and above the authorised limit, and exchange had dropped to 300 per cent.—that is to say three hundred paper dollars bought one hundred dollars gold. The issue of paper currency in the last two years may be compared to a cataract; it is not possible for the Government or for the people to fix the extent of the issue. The depreciation reaches the record mark of valueless inconvertible paper money in the economic history of the world, fluctuating between 2,000 and 2,500 per cent.

The Liberals, unable to obtain a hearing through the press or representation in the bodies which legislate for and tax the citizen, and seeing the public and private wealth of the nation wasted by the issue of valueless paper currency, took to armed revolt as the only means of redress. The Government has been powerless to crush the rebellion. Colombian Liberals have the sympathy of those of Venezuela and Ecuador, who feel and know from experience that the triumph of reaction in Colombia will necessarily mean an attempt to extend the system across the borders into their own lands. It is not strange, therefore, that the Colombian Liberals should be supported more or less avowedly by the Governments of Ecuador and Venezuela which are Liberal. There are no elements for an international war; even if it were proclaimed such, it would simply extend the present field of conflict into the neighbouring Republics; those on the spot, Colombians, Venezuelans or Ecuadorians, will not seek in such a case the official flag of the political entity, but the ranks of their fellow-partisans. The war is not one between nations, it is a struggle of life and death between re-action and modern progress. Foreign intervention cannot affect the final issue; it can only be exercised along the coasts, and the decisive struggle is bound to continue and to define itself far in the interior of the continent. The victor in that struggle will represent the only authority in the country, and victory in inland battles can hardly be helped or hampered by ironclads and cruisers.

## OLD TIME TRAVEL.

## ITALY AND THE VETTURINO.

SWITZERLAND made the most of its visitors, but the season was short. In Italy, with its innumerable Principalities, the strangers were a steady source of revenue and most of them were well-to-do. They took things leisurely and were free with their money. There were no herds of sight-seers, personally conducted, with each hour of their precious time mapped out. Some sense of the *dolce far niente* stole over you, whether it were winter or summer, when you descended from the Alps on the plains of Lombardy. What more softly sensuous than the delicious inaction, when you went boating on the Lakes, inhaling the fragrance of exotics from the *Isola Bella* on Maggiore, or the odours of the orange groves off the promontory of Bellagio! The bustle of Milan rather jarred: Lombardy was rich and its capital flourished: but elsewhere there was no cause of complaint. The speculative builder had never tampered with Verona: strolling out of your hotel in a flood of moonlight, you could conjure up the balcony scene in "*Romeo and Juliet*", and imagine Dante with dragging steps, climbing the marble staircase of *Can Grande*. Venice, chafing in her fetters was stagnating on odoriferous canals, with the salt sea weed clinging to her marble palaces, where Austrian soldiers hung out their washing. Rome was asleep on her seven hills, and nothing had been changed in the course of centuries, save for the inevitable progress of decay. The city was unique in its stately desolation. The gayest sights were the long walls of intramural gardens, richly bedecked with variegated mosses and stone crop: the vegetables they served at dinner seemed to have been gathered in some graveyard: the lower quarters had never been cleansed, except in the periodical overflows of the Tiber; and in summer the malaria fiend reigned supreme, even in the beautiful gardens of the *Doria Pamphili*, though ventilated by breezes from the Sabine hills. At Naples the *lazzaroni* living on water melons and crusts, slumbering away the tedious hours in some shady corner on the quais, were the types of Neapolitan society. If any man was doomed to work, his business was to scamper it. And if the overcrowded capitals took life so languidly, it is difficult to give a conception of the drowsiness in out-of-the-world towns which have nevertheless undying names in history—in Ferrara or Urbino, in Ravenna or Ancona. But the provincials of that time were wise in their generation: they hated the work of which little came in their way, and they had learned to lie in wait for affluent travellers. The beggars beset the carriage as it dragged up the last steep hill: the *facchini* clustered round the light impedimenta, for what were a few portmanteaus and bags among so many: volunteer showmen and guides, eager to do anything for money, besieged the doors of the mouldering *Albergo*, probably a palace which had fallen from its high estate and a marvellous survival of mediæval architecture. Those Italians struggled along on the legacies of the past, and got their polenta by the traditions of their greater ancestors. Rude æsthetic instincts were about the only other thing those ancestors had bequeathed them: they understood the picturesqueness of ruin and would not have modernised it for the world. They were the custodians of shrines of fabulous antiquity: of castles and massive municipal edifices that had bid defiance to the Vandals of all ages: of paintings and sculptures and miracles of metal work, that had escaped the ravages of invasions and civil wars and whose fame was bruited abroad in all the guide-books.

The solitary tourist had his choice between public conveyances, with their heart-breaking stoppages and their garlic-scented company, and posting. The first was a trial to the most placid temperament: the second was costly and dull. You may be pretty certain to quarrel with your sole companion in a postchaise, but you are sure to quarrel with yourself when boxed up alone. For a party, the national *vettura* was an ideal arrangement: in the interchange of ideas and impressions, in the social evenings ending inevitably in confidential chat, it cemented many a casual acquaintance

into life-long friendship. Bachelors unattached used to knock up these parties in the low-browed smoking-room of the *Angleterre* or at the *Londres*, where they rallied before retiring to rest, after dinners, dances or long rubbers at the club. In these commodious carriages six at least could be accommodated comfortably: four insides for the evening rubber, two "supers" in the imperiale to cut in. Possibly there was a rumble besides. You were taking flight from Rome for Naples after holy week: or you were retracing your homeward way in spring by Florence, Spezzia and the Riviera. You might spend days or weeks on the journey, as you pleased. Your fare was of the best that could be expected in the primitive inns, and there was no bother about the bills. The bargain made, and half the hire handed over in advance, the *vetturino* took all the trouble off your shoulders. The longer you lingered the better he liked it, for he was paid extra for each day he dallied on the road. He ordered the meals and paid for them, and they were of the best available, for as he brought custom to the house, he was always welcome. He was seldom of much good as a guide, but he was often an admirable valet. The regular time from Rome to Naples was four days. We have memories, as the *Chevalier de Beaujeu* remarked in "*The Fortunes of Nigel*", of wild boar cutlets with barberry sauce at malarious Cisterna, where we have lingered to shoot the snipe, fortifying ourselves with port and quinine: of the thrushes at Terracina, such as Rogers had supped on; of the flasks of so-called Falernian at Mola de Gaeta, which was really an excellent vintage. And at these halting places you would foregather with other carriage loads of friends, so that they were a merry continuation of the jovial carnival and of picnics at the tomb of *Cecilia Metella*. Then on the northern road, there were still more inducements to loiter. Turning the flank of the straight line, now taken by the railway, there were the Falls of Terni, the bridge of Narni, the Lake of Thrasimene, the Assisi of S. Francis, the favourite retreat of Lord Leighton. The Florence of the Grand Dukes was still unchanged: Spezzia had not been bedevilled into a busy arsenal: St. Remo had but a single decent hotel; Mentone and Cannes, embowered in their oranges and olives, were confined within moderate compass. In fact so many bright associations linked themselves with the dust-begrimed, lumbering old *vetturino* that it came to have an irresistible attraction. One evening when travelling homewards from the Tyrol, we were standing with a companion at the door of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* in Innsbruck. A swarthy Italian stepped up, introduced himself as the driver of a return *vettura* from Padua, and offered to take us thither—a four days' drive through the picturesque *Primolano* country for four napoleons. We looked at each other: went to look at the *vettura* and were lost. Next morning we had set our faces for Venice.

Posting was expensive and exciting, if you travelled without a courier, and were not at home in the Italian patois and coinage. Starting from Rome you hired a light phaeton which went through to your destination: you paid in advance at the Pontifical bureau, and the officials so far smoothed the way, that the coppers for postilions at each successive stage were made up in separate parcels. Of course these had to be largely supplemented, so you were open to squabbles all the same. And discussing matters with a discontented postilion was no joke, at mirk midnight or in driving rain, by the dim light of the carriage lantern. Even at midday, the currency question was a perpetual grief, when each State was emulously debasing the precious metal at its particular mint. Johnson advised Boswell—unnecessarily—when getting change for a guinea, to look carefully at it, as he might find some curious coin. In Italy your hands were always full of strange coinage—*scudi*, *soldi*, *pauli*, *carlini*, *baiocchi*—and most of it so obliterated that a rare medal of the Roman Republic might easily have passed muster. What you lost thereby in change and exchange there was no calculating, but the passport system was even more aggravating. The police were on the watch at each frontier and relieved you of it at every garrison town. The visa was a fruitful source of revenue to officials, and in the course of a few journeys you collected a



bulky volume of autographs illustrated richly with spread eagles and rampant lions. Drivers in Italy usually considered their horses and themselves, but in Calabria and still more in Sicily, it was often break-neck work. The Sicilian youth would stand up on his shaky box, crack his whip, whoop to his horses and urge them into a Hungarian or Roumanian gallop. We remember one night ride through the Vale of Enna to Calatafimi wild as the gallop of Wilhelm and Leonore, when as our friend took ruts, stones and pitfalls as they come, had we belonged to his church we should have vowed candles to the Virgin to be delivered from imminent peril. It added insult to injury, when he looked for a generous *buono mano*. Yet more adventurous, to all appearance, was a trip we took from Naples to Reggio, occupying the spare seat in the flying victoria of the Government courier. The pace was as good, and eminently suggestive of the state of the country, when there were sundry Fratti Diavolos out and about on the hills, was the arsenal of blunderbusses and pistols in the net overhead. We did not see the shadow of a brigand, but we witnessed scenes of heart-rending wretchedness. For it was the year of a famine that made ruthless ravages, and when one snatched a hasty meal in the miserable cafés, the starving natives took the place by storm, and literally scrambled for the bread in one's hands. The pace was good, for, in that rapid excursion, the stoppages were as short as with our light coaches on the old Bristol road, or as those of the Tartars who used to ride from Trebizond to Bussorah, merely shifting from one saddle to another. But it was not only the exhilaration of rough and rapid motion, the perils of awkward ferries, the risks of a break-down, and the fair chance of something like serious adventure that made the old Italian travel enjoyable. There was such sharp transition from familiar surroundings, as nowadays we may seek in vain, short of the Soudan or the Steppes of Central Asia.

#### NAPOLÉON'S FIRST COUP D'ÉTAT.

AS we pointed out in the SATURDAY REVIEW some time ago when dealing with the writings of the young Napoleon, the Emperor in embryo is found in the "Dialogue on Love". Still more full of presage is a strange, but little known, incident of 1792. In September 1791 Napoleon had left his garrison duty at Valence and had landed at Ajaccio. This was his fourth visit since he left it as a boy. The manner in which he had obtained his leave is characteristic of the feverish energy which was consuming him. The imminence of a European war had suspended the yearly furlough of the officers. Refused special leave by the Colonel he betakes himself to du Teil, the Maréchal du Camp, who was then at his château at Possonier. At ten at night Napoleon knocks up the household and is admitted. Subsequently he engages in long discussions with du Teil on military matters, stays several days, and departs with a special grant of three months' leave with full pay in his pocket. His extraordinary powers of cajoling and influencing men are thus already in full play.

On his arrival family affairs first claimed his attention. His great-uncle Archdeacon Lucien Buonaparte died on 15 October. With the prescience that sometimes accompanies approaching death, he foretold his nephew's greatness. He did not depose the eldest brother Joseph from the headship of the family, but pointed to Napoleon as the remarkable figure. "Tu poi, Napoleone, sarai un omone." After the old man's decease, the family became better off, for he left a small fortune which they employed to advance their interests in various ways.

Very shortly before Napoleon's arrival the elections to the National Assembly in Paris had taken place in Corsica. Joseph failed to secure his own appointment as one of the six Deputies. Now, it is quite evident that, had Paoli wished it, Joseph would have been elected. The management of the elections had been entirely in the hands of his creatures and none but his partisans were chosen. It is clear, therefore, that he had determined to give the

cold shoulder to the ambitions of this pushing family. Probably their ardent support of the new doctrines so popular in France was the cause of the coolness. In spite of their efforts they gained nothing but snubs, much as the offers of the young Disraeli were frigidly repulsed by the great Tory minister. But a definitive break with the "father of his country" did not yet arrive and the Buonapartes were still to make a desperate effort to gain Paoli's confidence, or to win for themselves such a position in the island that he would be obliged to recognise their utility.

Though Napoleon had arrived opportunely for family affairs, not family had brought him home. The efficient cause was a decree of the National Assembly, made in August 1791, for the formation of volunteer battalions in each department. All the officers were to be elected, save the adjutant major, who was to be an officer in active service. Here was a chance for Napoleon to advance himself in his own country and to acquire a position he could not hope for in France. If he could secure the appointment of adjutant major in the battalion about to be raised in Ajaccio he would still retain his position in the French army, and at the same time have a settled and dignified post at home. Fortune favoured him, for Rossi, the commander, was a native of Ajaccio, who at once gave his fellow-townsmen the coveted office. But his luck was short-lived. In December the National Assembly decreed that all volunteer officers, who were also regulars, must rejoin their regiments by 1 April, except such as held the post of colonel or lieutenant-colonel.

This was a severe blow to young Buonaparte, who had made all his plans for remaining in Corsica, where he had determined that his career was to be. We find him writing to his friend Suzy at Valence in February, 1792, "Dans ces circonstances difficiles le poste d'honneur d'un bon Corse est de se trouver dans son pays. C'est dans cette idée que les miens ont exigé que je m'établisse parmi eux." He speaks of France as "*votre nation*", though later on, in a letter to Naudin, he acknowledges her as "*mère patrie*". Since the Revolutionary doctrines are finally accepted his hatred towards France has disappeared, and he becomes a strong supporter of the French connexion with Corsica, and, later on, maintains that position in opposition to Paoli.

The problem for him now to solve (and it was urgent) was how to procure his election to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the volunteer battalion in course of formation, for the rank of adjutant major no longer saved him from compulsory return to his regiment. He set about his task in the resolute fashion we might anticipate. To make sure of the second post he must run with some popular candidate who was certain of the colonelcy. Such a candidate was Quenza, Paoli's nominee, and they laid their plans in conjunction. The supporters of each were to vote for the other. Napoleon's opponent was Pozzo di Borgo, who was backed by the powerful family of the Peraldi. During the whole month of March, the time which Napoleon should have utilised for his return journey to garrison, was spent in canvassing and speech-making. Old Lucien's hoard was freely lavished, and the economical Madame Letitia groaned in keeping open house for the volunteers who were pouring into Ajaccio. On the day before the election, 31 March, the three commissioners appointed to conduct it, arrived. Quenza himself was one, the other two, Grimaldi and Morati, were divided in their sympathies, but it was necessary to procure the support of one of the two. Morati was staying with the Peraldi, Pozzo's supporters. Napoleon spent that evening striding up and down the parlour, gloomy and preoccupied. Suddenly he seemed to muster all his forces for a decision and gave some peremptory orders to one Bonelli, the keenest of his supporters, a thorough Corsican in the fervour of his partisanship and the absence of scruples. This man proceeded at once to the Peraldis', threatened the master of the house, dragged Morati from the dining-table, and deposited him at the Buonapartes' house, where Napoleon received him with the utmost politeness saying "I wished you to be entirely free. At Peraldi's you were not. Here you are at home". Morati had to accommodate himself to the circum-

stances as best he could, appearing next day at the elections under the sinister escort of the Buonapartes and perforce as their partisan. One act of violence in political enterprises generally entails another. At the election, held in the church, Pozzo rose to protest against this outrage, but the Buonaparte faction, after trying to drown his voice with their shouts, seized him by the legs, and hurled him to the ground. The election then proceeded to the desired end and Napoleon found himself elected lieutenant-colonel with Quenza as his chief.

Such is the curious story told in a book written by one Nasica, a Corsican advocate of position, who wrote in the early twenties and knew all the actors in the drama and was well versed in local politics. The world-conqueror has overwhelmed all recollection of the Corsican adventurer, but in these events we find clearly foreshadowed the Emperor Napoleon. The capture of the Spanish sovereigns at Bayonne and their practical imprisonment, because they were not "free" at home, and the capture of the Duc d'Enghien on neutral ground are only developments of the lawless seizure of Morati. The Comedy has turned into a Tragedy but the character of the act is the same, just as the scene in the church at Ajaccio is an anticipation of the scene in the Hall of the Five Hundred on 18 Brumaire. The year before in one of his essays this young officer had quoted with approval the apothegm of Montesquieu that "the face of Liberty must sometimes be veiled". He was already developing into the Dictator who should say "Such men as I do not commit crimes".

## CORNISH SKETCHES.

### II. THE CORNISH SEA: BOSCASTLE.

YOU might pass Boscastle on the sea, and not know that a harbour lay around a certain corner of rocks. This twisting way in from the sea gives something stealthy to the aspect of the place, as if a secret harbour had been prepared for smugglers. Few boats go in or out there now; rarely a pleasure-boat, more often a rowing-boat on its way to the lobster-pots. Green hills rise up steeply on both sides of the harbour, and a wooded valley follows the course of the little river flowing between them. The village is built around a single long, precipitous street, which winds up hill from the old bridge over the river, where you might stand looking seawards, and see nothing but two folding arms of rock that seem to overlap and make a barrier. Beyond the village the land still rises, and, looking across at it from the cliffs, it seems to nestle deep into the valley, a little white streak in the midst of green fields and green woods. From the higher part of the village you can catch glimpses of the sea across harvest fields, or beyond Forrabury Church with its brown and white grave-stones.

Boscastle tantalises one, if one loves the sea for its own sake, by the height at which it sets one above the water. From these cliffs one sees, seeming to be close under one, the whole Atlantic; only it is three hundred feet below, perhaps, and there is not a beach, or strip of sand, on which to get level with it. Here and there are rocks on which it is just possible to clamber down at low tide; there is a tiny cove or two, hard to reach at the best of times, and at high tide under water; but, this side of Trebarwith, which is a couple of miles beyond Tintagel, only a single sandy bay. Even at Trebarwith the sand is covered at high tide, but when the water is out there is a long broad road of yellow sand, leading from the low rocks at one end of the bay to the caverns in the high rocks at the other end of the bay. On a hot almost still day, the waves, coming towards the shore in long thin lines white with foam, are blown into fine dust as they curve over. Seen from the sand, they can be watched at more stages of their movement than from the cliffs, where one gets only the final leap at the rocks.

At Boscastle the sea is almost always in movement, tossing restlessly, leaping at the rocks, whitening

around them, flecked here and there with white; and the whole sea moves, as if the depths under it moved too. Even when there is not wind enough to ridge the water into separate waves, some energy seems to shoulder up through the surface, and push for shore. When the wind urges it, it heaves into great billows, that rise up green, and tilt over with a little burst of white, and roll one over another towards the shore, and as they come into a space of curdling foam, curdle, and turn to foam, and leap suddenly at the rocks, and hammer at them with a loud voluminous softness, and fall back like a blown cataract, every drop distinct in the sunlight. It is as if a dome of whiteness sprang into the air, and fell over with a crash of all its architecture of bubbles. Sometimes two columns of foam meet in the air, and pass through one another like a ghost through a ghost. Sometimes a great wave springs higher at the rocks, seems to take hold there, and then falls back, broken into spray, while the rock streams steadily; and then, after a pause, a thin white smoke-drift, incredibly thin and white, like the reflection of smoke in a glass, is blown far out from some corner or crevice in the rock, that had sucked the water deep into it.

I am content to sit on the rocks, as near as I can to the water, and watch a few feet of sea for an hour together. There is enough entertainment in its recurrent and changing violence and stealthiness of approach, its unexhausted and unnumbered varieties of attack, the foam and disappointment of its foiled retreats. Form and colour change at every instant, and, if they return again, one is not conscious of the repetition. I suppose many waves are identical out of the infinite number of waves which break on any point of shore. But some happy accident of wind or tide or sunlight seems always to bring in its own variation.

At sunset the sea warms and lightens into strange colours. As the sun goes down in a ball of intense fire, the round seems to flatten itself out to a long, glowing bar, scorching the sea under it; a pale sunset leaves the sea chill, grey, uncoloured. The shadow of golden fire in the sky turns it to lavender; a sunset of paler fire burnishes it into glittering steel, or it lies like a steel mirror misted by a breath. Every sunset here is a marvel, and the sea is a shining floor on which the marvel is built up. I remember a particular sunset after a day on which the rain had poured continuously; the sun sank slowly behind wet and shining clouds, through which it shone like a light in a crystal. These white clouds rose out of the sea, and their peaked and jagged upper edges gradually shone into bright gold, as the sun sank lower behind them. Above, between them and the darker clouds still swollen with rain, a horizontal bar of gold glittered more faintly; and across the darker clouds a mist of rosy fire began to drift away, flushed softly like the feathers of a flaming wing; and this rosy mist floated onwards until it came to the edge of the furthest rain-clouds, and drooped over a space of pale green sky, clear, luminous, and transparent. The sea was the colour of lilac deepening into rose, and it lay like a field of heather washed by the rain, when the sun shines into every rain-drop.

There is a point at Trevalga where I like to look along the shore, as it bends in an irregular curve, rising sharply out of the water in a series of torn and uneven crags, with, at some interval, the two high and steep rocks which rise up out of the sea some hundreds of yards away from the land, from which they had once been rent. The sea washes around the rocks and against the bases of the cliffs, as far as the distant, smoother line of coast towards Bude, where the Cornish wildness dies away; and it lies out towards the sky as far as the eye can follow it, an infinite space of unwearied water. Seen from a lower point the cliffs are mountainous, and stand often against the sky like a mountain crowned by a castle. Tall cliffs covered to nearly the sea's edge by short grass and heather are indented by gullies, hollowed out of their very substance, and opening on the sea through a narrow and cornered entrance. The whole land seems to have been sheared into, and sliced away, at frequent intervals; and the colour of the rock varies in each, from slate to deep



black. For the most part the rocks are made up of layers of slate, shale above shale, and they are cracking away and crumbling over continually; the sea picks at their bases, and hollows out caves and holes and niches; they stand straight up out of the sea, still impregnable, like great walls, black and jagged, and veined with yellow marble, and patched here and there with streaks of living green. They stand highest at Beeny High Cliff, a sheer wall of blackness, and S. Gennys, which rises less abruptly to a higher point. To the south-west one can see the wavering line of the coast as far as Trevoise Head; to the north-east a less rugged line of cliffs curves into tiny bays, each with its handful of grey sand, as far as the point of Cambeak. Bracken growing intermingled with yellow gorse gives colour to a wild expanse of green moorland; the steep grey cliffs rise to the moorland out of a sea which should be seen, as I have seen it, not less desolately grey, with a grey sky overhead. There was a bitter wind blowing, which caught at one furiously as one came to the edge of the cliff. As the sun sank lower, it began to scorch the dark clouds about it, shrivelling their edges ragged; it went down into the sea rapidly, half hidden behind the clouds; and the sea darkened to a sullen colour, as of molten lead, that spread gradually over its whole surface. A vivid and stormy darkness hung overhead, weighing heavily on land and sea. Down below, the sea roared with a loud and continuous noise. There was something disquieting in the air, in the aspect of things. Long after the sun had gone down into the water, a bright flame licked up the lowest edge of sky, and ran there, as I walked homewards, like travelling fire behind the bushes and tree-trunks.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### COUNTY CRICKET.

**YORKSHIRE** first the rest nowhere is the inevitable summary of this season's county cricket. It is hard to find a weak spot in the composition and doings of the northern team. It showed during the season extraordinary consistency and endurance, and the distribution of the strength amongst its different members gave it a resourcefulness and a reliability which made it almost possible to discount the proverbial element of uncertainty in cricket. Even the Surrey XI. in the golden days of Mr. Shuter could not show such a record or present so strong a front as could the Yorkshiremen during the last two years. In spite of very long and trying seasons they only once suffered defeat and so decisive was their superiority that they finished far more matches than the other counties who had equally long programmes to get through. Their batting, although owing to the absence of Mr. Jackson and the falling off of Brown they possess perhaps no man quite up to representative form, was marked by great power in attack and defence and so evenly distributed throughout the team that of the regular players Hunter alone has an average of under 20, while with the exception of Mr. Mitchell, who is easily first with one of 49, no one has an average exceeding 33. Another all-important element in their success was their excellence in fielding. With the possible exception of their well-trying captain, Hunter, Wainwright and Brown, none of whom is quite in the first blush of his youth, the Yorkshire XI. is composed of young men.

Keen, active, enduring, they have amongst them several of the best fieldsmen in England. Thus equipped even with only fairly good bowling Yorkshire must have stood high on the list. The possession of the two best bowlers of the year made her invincible. Last year the Yorkshire bowlers accounted for 468 wickets, and of these Rhodes and Hirst could claim 331 at the rate of 14.87 runs per wicket. The other 137 obtained by Haigh, Whitehead and the rest cost 25 per wicket. What this meant we can partly glean from the following columns of averages—compiled from the "Field" of 7 September and including neither extras nor run-

outs—showing the position of the counties in the championship order and the combined averages per wicket obtained by their batsmen and bowlers.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ORDER.		BATTING.		BOWLING.				
Percentage of Points.		Average of runs per wicket.		Average cost of opponents' wickets.				
1	Yorkshire ..	90.47	1	Sussex ..	33.92	1	Yorkshire ..	17.83
2	Middlesex ..	50.00	2	Yorkshire ..	31.43	2	Worcestershire	21.52
3	Lancashire ..	37.30	3	Middlesex ..	31.17	3	Hampshire ..	22.06
4	Sussex ..	33.33	4	Warwickshire	29.86	4	Notts ..	22.08
5	Warwickshire	27.27	5	Surrey ..	29.27	5	Lancashire ..	23.39
6	Surrey ..	7.69	6	Lancashire ..	28.19	6	Essex ..	24.06
7	Hampshire ..	par	7	Notts ..	28.24	7	Somerset ..	24.37
8	Kent ..	par	8	Kent ..	26.80	8	Kent ..	24.43
9	Notts ..	9.09	9	Essex ..	26.41	9	Warwickshire..	25.03
10	Essex ..	11.11	10	Leicestershire	26.09	10	Surrey ..	25.24
11	Worcestershire	17.64	11	Hampshire ..	25.13	11	Sussex ..	26.07
12	Leicestershire	42.85	12	Somerset ..	24.62	12	Leicestershire	27.80
13	Somerset ..	42.85	13	Gloucestershire	24.26	13	Gloucestershire	27.82
14	Gloucestershire	53.84	14	Worcestershire	23.68	14	Middlesex ..	28.36
15	Derbyshire ..	100.00	15	Derbyshire ..	21.32	15	Derbyshire ..	30.09

The second and third columns give, we think, not an unfair basis for the comparison of the collective merits of the different teams and it will be found that, when both are taken into account and allowances made for the drawn games, the positions which would be assigned to each county on the figures themselves would roughly correspond with those on the championship order based on the record of matches.\*

In these tables one figure stands out pre-eminent; it is that of the Yorkshire bowling. The batting average is surpassed by that of Sussex, thanks to the extraordinary performances of Ranjitsinhji and Fry, and practically equalled by Middlesex; it is the bowling which lifts the county out of the first five or six into a class by itself. And this as we have already shown is due solely to Hirst and Rhodes. Middlesex thanks to a number of draws holds second place. Though very strong in batting, her bowling shows a sad falling off, and as usual she was handicapped by the weakness of her teams early in the year. Lancashire has certainly a better record than the Metropolitan county; Sussex, and above all Surrey, who has drawn fourteen of her matches, have failed for want of bowling. Kent, the value of whose amateur bowlers we gladly recognise, stands eighth in all three columns, a place she thoroughly merits; but Derbyshire is as decisively last as Yorkshire is first, a position due to very inferior cricket. Nottingham and Essex should on their averages take somewhat higher places than the order of merit allows them; but the curse of modern cricket, drawn games, has handicapped them both, the former to the extent of 42 per cent. the latter to close on 60 per cent. of matches played. Hampshire, largely thanks to some excellent bowling, takes rank with Kent. Warwickshire, who had a shorter programme than any of her opponents, has advanced as much as Gloucestershire has fallen off.

The season was on the whole very favourable to batsmen and drawn matches numbered 38 per cent. of the whole. On the other hand, speaking generally, we think that the bowling was better than it has been of late years. Several comparatively new men came to the front, notably Sharp and Webb of Lancashire, Vine of Sussex, Hargreave of Warwickshire, Llewellyn of Hampshire, Blyth of Kent, Burrows of Worcestershire and Cranfield and Braund of Somerset. None of these can be compared with Hirst and Rhodes on this year's form, but all did remarkably good work and there is better hope in this department of the game than has been the case for some time past. This season certainly witnessed an approach towards a general level of form, and most of the counties are more on an equality now than perhaps they have ever been. The exceptions are Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and neither of these is very likely to change its place.

One more point is suggested by the tables of figures

\* It may be noted that the places are determined by subtracting losses from wins (or vice versa) and then taking the percentage of the remaining points on finished games. Thus Middlesex has finished 8 games, winning 6 and losing 2. The result of the subtraction being 4, the percentage of the county is 50.00. This is probably the most satisfactory method of settling the order of merit that can be found; under present conditions when drawn matches number from 30 to 40 per cent. of the whole of those played and are generally in no way the fault of the contending teams it would be unsatisfactory and unfair to penalise them. Certainly the tables given above seem to confirm rather than question the general justice of the present plan.

given above. It would seem pretty clear that on fairly good wickets matches of four innings between two respectable teams will produce on an average 1,000 runs. If we take sixty runs an hour as an average rate of run-getting—and it would be rash to count on more—it is clear that 16½ hours play will be required to finish the game, plus one half-hour between the innings. If a full six hours play per diem could be guaranteed we believe that the number of draws would be appreciably diminished. Too often, except in the height of the summer when play can be continued till 7 o'clock, do we see the first day's play commenced at 12.15, stopped at 2, recommenced at 2.45, broken for possibly 20 minutes in the middle of the afternoon and ended at 6.30. This gives 5 hours and 10 minutes play for the first day; the others perhaps half an hour more; altogether some 16 hours cricket instead of 18. So far as we can see, there is no reason why half an hour should not be saved by a strict enforcement of the 10 minutes interval rule, or why play should not commence punctually half an hour earlier on each day. This is anything but a novel or a far-reaching suggestion, but no one can deny that nowadays, when time is all important, modern custom does not make for economy. The effect of punctuality would of itself help to wake a side up, quite apart from the advantage of the extra time gained. The feeling that one is working against time certainly arouses energy and keenness, and, though in the present state of affairs such a spirit would not be easy to instil, every captain and every cricketer should endeavour to grasp the value of promptitude and to overcome by practical punctuality the slackness begotten of the prospect of three days play in the sun with a not improbably indefinite result.

#### THE HOP HARVEST.

REPORTS from the hop gardens are generally excellent: in Kent the yield is very good, in Hampshire we must look back some ten years to find so propitious a season. It almost follows as a matter of course that the growers are grumbling. One may adapt the remark of the old coachman on railway smashes and coach accidents. In a bad year you know where you are: in the best of seasons where are you? The limited home market is likely to be glutted. There is the alternative of holding over for the next year, for hops will keep; but there are always the avalanches of German and American hops threatening you, and lying like an incubus on prospective prices. This very season, we happen to see that a firm of Oregon hopbrokers reports that that single State hopes to harvest from 90,000 to 100,000 bales. English hops have the solitary advantage that the best brewers consider them superior in delicacy, though they are said to be inferior in preservative value. Before heavy import duties were removed, things were very different. Hop-growing then was speculative as now, but there were fabulous prizes and far fewer blanks. Neither thought, nor science nor skill can reckon with the caprices of nature or the infinite variations of soil and shelter. One district or even one particular garden may do admirably well, while all around are dismal failures. In the old days the fortunate gatherer of a good crop in a bad season could almost fix his own prices. Now the prices can never rise above a moderate level. Formerly, the most primitive practices were still in force; the gardens were generally left to the mercies of Providence, and no special precautions were taken against the gales, the blight, the lice and the red spider. Now screens of canvas or netting are set up against the winds from the prevalent quarter and at Odiham and elsewhere hedges of great strength and height are carefully cultivated: the tendrils are trained on string from pole to pole, in the fashion of the giant hops of Würtemberg or Baden: and the bines when they show symptoms of disease are carefully washed with chemicals and hand pumps. Even manures of various kinds and qualities are scientifically applied, so as to force or check the growth, according to the promise of the weather. Consequently the ignorant poor man goes to the wall,

and even the wealthy grower, when he records a brilliant success, finds a deal of the gilt gone from his gingerbread. And, if British hops are to hold their own against cheaper foreign imports, both care and expenditure must go on increasing. It is only the leading brewers who will pay for a first-class native article, and the brewers with a great reputation are fastidious. What they want is a well-ripened hop, skilfully dried, and carefully managed so as to leave the cone unbroken that the resin and other aromatic qualities may be preserved. But these are counsels of high perfection, practically impossible of attainment and only to be carried out by lavish outlay. A broad acreage is ripening simultaneously, and, with all the hands you can turn on, only a part can be gathered at the happy moment. For the golden cones flush with the delicate bloom of a woman and fade, like her complexion, only far more quickly. You are fortunate indeed, if a rainstorm does not burst while the picking is going forward, bruising the cones and making the pickers negligent. In any case and at the best, the hops have to pass through the drying kilns: the temperature should be carefully regulated and the drying done very leisurely. But waggon after waggon drives up, piling sackfuls at the doors of the oast houses, and on the whole it pays better, rather to force operations and aim at a fair general average. The organs of the brewing interest advise building more kilns: the grower shakes his head, with thoughts of the balance at his banker's and a year's rent in arrear.

The difficulty of gathering where there is something like a uniformity of ripeness is sought to be overcome by planting late and early species of hops. The poetically named Goldings may be all gathered, before the plebeian and rather inferior Fuggles or the Colegates have come into full bloom. But that involves a close study of the soils: often Goldings will flourish where Colegates will not. Thus the Goldings do well in East, West and a part of Mid-Kent, while Fuggles and Colegates suit the Weald. And with hops, more than with any other crop, the weather must be an abiding cause of anxiety. Drought may delay the growth and breed swarms of insect pests: rain and wind may crush the tender shoots, check the side growths or level the poles. Even, when the cup of fruition is almost at the farmer's lips, he may wake some night to hear a gale howling round his chimneys and torrential rain dashing against his casements. With the dawn he tumbles out of bed to brace himself to see a scene of devastation.

A great hop year may set the growers grumbling but it sends rejoicing through a thousand villages and many a slum in East London. The wage may be somewhat lower than usual, but there is employment for all. When the hops have failed, the shadow of a great darkness falls on the hopping districts. Cottagers, who have run up a credit with baker and grocer, see little prospect of liquidating their obligations; they will be in the black books of the local tradesmen when they face the sharp pinch of the winter. Even a sadder sight is the pale and hungry faces of footsore tramps and waifs who have tramped from the East End, and have to make stages at the casual wards as they go back, having found their services rejected, and without a copper left them for a railway fare. On the other hand, nothing is more romantic or more rejoicing to the benevolent heart than the sight of the southern gardens in a brimming season. All is not gold that glitters, and some of the picturesqueness might be rubbed off on closer inspection; but the hop is associated with all that is most beautiful in the beautiful Home Counties and with Hereford, where the luxuriance of foliage and meadow is almost semi-tropical. Though recent agricultural reports show that the hop-growing area has slightly extended whilst the total acreage has decreased, practically the cultivation is confined to half a dozen of the shires, and Kent, the garden of England, has two-thirds of the total. The Rhenish vineyard, trimmed, stubbed and cropped, cannot compare with the free growth of the British climber; and even the trellised vines of the Lombard or Neapolitan levels, trailing from chestnut to chestnut



and drooping in graceful festoons, suffer by the comparison. From the steep slopes hanging over the Kentish Weald, looking across hill and dale, you see every variety of field and woodland. Nor is colour wanting in the groups that are clustered round the bins in the gardens in the foreground. Doubt not a good deal of flirtation and love-making mingles with business. Finger meets finger as the poles are brought to the pickers, and there are smiles on sunburned faces and much flashing of white teeth. The girls are coquettishly attired in scarlet or purple bodices, and broad sunhats bedecked with gay ribbons. Everyone turns out, for the hop-picking is a holiday-making to which anyone may condescend: the certificated school-mistress comes to look after her pupils, and the old spinster, who finds it hard to make two ends meet, seeks health, as well as a trifle of cash for sundry ailments, for the hop scent is known to be a sovereign specific. There are babies crowing in their cradles in the shade, and a line of perambulators, emptied of their occupants, is drawn up along the ditch-side. On a sunny afternoon there is the murmur of voices like the hum of bees and the perpetual ripple of laughter; there is an occasional shriek of boisterous merriment, like the scream of the startled jay: and it is a pleasant sight to see the folk returning home through the lanes in the evening, fagged and somewhat breathless, but full of content.

There is a shadier side to the picture, when you get down into the Weald, where the East End world does most of the work on the great hop grounds. There the mixed multitude of foreign pickers is huddled together under sheds, or sometimes bivouacking, as they do their cooking in the open. Some growers make good preparation for the accommodation of the casual hands: others leave them very much to their own devices. In any case, the morality of these assemblages leaves something to desire, for mothers who are not over-particular themselves pay slight attention to the chaperonage of their daughters. Husbands and wives, when the day's work is over, are apt to make expeditions to the nearest public, and you may see them strewn under the hedgerows, where they have collapsed on the return walk. The vicar, if he be a faithful servant of his Master, or the visiting missionary, has his work cut out for him. But on the whole, these autumnal outings, are all for good. Even with occasional soakings and exposure to cold, the physical condition of people who have never been accustomed to soft clothing or tender nursing is generally invigorated: and the prudent, who are in the majority, as one has reason to believe, go back with money in purse, to "wear them", as Dandie Dinmont said, "through the winter".

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE KAFFIR QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Transvaal, July 1900.

SIR,—The Boers, and the causes of the war, the past history of South Africa &c. have all been dealt with exhaustively in books, reviews and papers ever since the collapse of the Milner-Kruger conference at Bloemfontein. The Kaffir question has scarcely been touched. The Boer system of governing the Kaffirs was simply a modified form of slavery. Natives went to live on a farm and paid a hut tax varying from £3 to £4 (depending on the size of their kraal) to the farmer who owned the land. They were also expected to work on the farm, drive oxen &c. The women and little girls were commanded by the farmer's wife to look after the children, and do anything else she might require of them. They were not paid for this work, but in some cases the headman of a kraal was promised an ox or a cow at the end of twelve months' work. If this promise was fulfilled, which it very seldom was—the native was presented with an animal from sixteen to twenty years old, as useless to him as it was to the generous donor. In most cases when the time was drawing near for the farmer to give the much-desired ox (if he did not wish

to part with an antediluvian specimen of the bovine species, or had not got one) he made life so unbearable to the native that he was glad to escape, and forfeit his ox—in which case the farmer did not take the trouble to run him to ground. If the natives refused to work or were in the opinion of the Boer "lazy" then he took them before the nearest Field Cornet, with a pitiable tale of his own misplaced kind-heartedness. The Field Cornet invariably had the native strung up and given twenty-five lashes. The native was never allowed to open his mouth or give any kind of explanation, and if a Field Cornet was weak enough to wish to hear the case from the native's point of view or showed any leniency, then the Boers of the district took good care to elect another Field Cornet after their own hearts. This form of slavery made it very hard for Boer farmers to get native labour in some districts, so the Volksraad passed a law in 1896, that "Boer farmers wanting native labour were to apply to their Field Cornets for what they required", and natives were then sent from other districts, whether they wished to go or not.

The result of this tyranny will be that, when peace is declared and the country settling down again, the native will not build his kraal on Boer farms, but will settle near towns or on English farms where he knows he will be paid a fair yearly wage for his labour. The Boer farmer will be unable to get native labour unless he is prepared to pay the market value, and will either have to work his farm himself (which he hates) or get some other form of work. In ten years time, in these circumstances I venture to predict that the Boer farmer will have become more or less of a nonentity in his own country, totally unsuited for work in the mines, too lazy to farm, he will gradually sink, not having the energy for keen competition which is sure to follow peace in South Africa.

To give the franchise to natives, except in a very limited form, would be a mistake. The late Republics had some excellent rules with regard to natives that we could well afford to copy. They were not allowed to live in the towns, but had their own Kaffir locations near the town, they could not buy liquor at public bars, and were not allowed to walk on the pavements or foot-paths in the towns. The Kaffir of the late Republics is a manly and respectful man, who does not want the franchise and probably does not know what it means. All he wants is fair treatment, and this he knows he will get under British rule. How different to the insolent and offensive Kaffir whom we have been spoiling!

With regard to the clause in the abortive Peace Proposals about Boers being allowed to keep a rifle on taking the "Oath of Allegiance". This can only apply I should imagine to Boers living on isolated farms near the borders of Basutoland, Swaziland, &c. where a rifle would be absolutely necessary to protect them against natives—in fact it would be unsafe not to let them keep rifles on the borders for their own protection. The natives on the least provocation are a turbulent crowd, and isolated farms would have to be protected, but I trust this only applies to the borders, and not to the interior of the Republics. We have seen what the "Oath of Allegiance" means to the Boer—it has absolutely no binding power whatever.

Yours, &c.

H. R. W.

### PAN-AMERICANISMS: THE GREAT PAN-AMERICAN RAILROAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

44 Edward Street, Brighton, 7 September, 1901.

SIR,—Among other transatlantic "notions" that of Pan-Americanism has taken root in the land. Out of this has blossomed the Pan-American Congress, giving birth in due season to the Great Pan-American Railroad. The cardinal point of this ambitious scheme is a fusion of all the railroads—north and south—embraced in the Western Hemisphere. From "Maine to Texas", in olden time represented metaphorically the longitudinal

boundary. This expression became obsolete on the annexation of Texas, when from "Maine to Mexico" was the expression. In the future should all go well; it will be from "Klondyke to the Straits of Magellan", or even to "Cape Horn".

Including Mexico, it is estimated on competent authority that, quoted and unquoted, the amount of European capital—largely English—invested in the Republics of Central and South America reaches a total of £500,000,000, which owing to international, territorial and other disputes may at no distant date be in peril. These internal and sudden quarrels among the Southern States may result in grave complications, for "behind them all, yet never absent, towers the gigantic figure of the American Union, with its vague claim to protect them all, against the entire world, and therefore, in the last resort, to control them all".

A recent despatch from Buenos Ayres directs attention to the "Great Pan-American Railroad of 10,228 miles, calculated to cost £45,000,000, which is to connect this city with New York". Further details of this leviathan project of the United States at this juncture of political unrest, when the enormous total of £500,000,000 of European capital is at stake, may not be without interest to its investors, setting aside the ulterior question of designs of the United States upon the capture of the trade and commerce of England—in fact of all Europe—by land, as well as by sea.

The Pan-American Congress, as I have stated, was the concentrated expression of opinion of the several commissions despatched, at various periods, by the Washington Government, to ascertain the opening there was in the South for American trade and commerce. From the Congress, bloomed the Great Pan-American Railroad, the details of which can scarcely fail of being invested with interest to the trading, manufacturing, and commercial classes of this, our country.

The first step taken by this embryo combination, was to organise a sort of quasi union, of all the railroads built and then building—lying north and south of the Isthmus of Panama. At the close of 1899 the Washington Government reported that the then total mileage of completed lines aggregated 190,833 miles (at present upwards of 200,000) including those of Canada, for our transatlantic cousins were anxious that their Dominion neighbours should share in the "flesh-pots" of the South American Republics. It was estimated that this monster combination, in the aggregate would reach from 230,000 to 240,000 miles of inland transportation which would represent the power called into requisition, to enable the United States to reach the consuming centres, and gathering grounds of traffic, of the southern half of the great Western Hemisphere. A truly gigantic monopoly!

The following details exhibit the distances, cost of surveys, additions, &c. to complete the "Great Pan-American Railroad". New York to Laredo the Mexican Northern Boundary, 2,099 miles; across Mexico to Guatemala, 1,644; across Guatemala, 170; Salvador, 230; Honduras, 71; Nicaragua, 209; Costa Rica, 360; Colombia, 1,354; Ecuador, 658; Peru, 1,785; Bolivia, 587; Argentine, 1,061. A total of 10,228 miles—of which 4,771 are completed, and 5,456 remain to be constructed—for which the estimated expenditure is £34,858,054 and this for grading, bridging, &c. preparatory to laying the rails. Cost of survey, &c. was £236,628. The maps, profiles, photos, &c. are on file at the Secretary of State Department, and are on view during office hours. All reports are in Spanish and in English. The total cost including rails, rolling stock, &c. is estimated at £50,000,000, which considering the nature of the countries to be traversed is a very low estimate indeed.

The almost imperceptible transition, from quiet humdrum republicanism to one of imperialism, by the United States was depicted by an eminent English statesman shortly after the war with Spain, who wrote as follows:—"The United States have gone on increasing in population, growing in wealth, expanding in commerce, sending year by year larger stores of their own products to the other nations of the earth, experiencing no check, no hindrance, meeting with no suggestion or threat of interruption of their continued

growth, and in this security maintaining no navy to convoy the ships sailing from their shores to distant lands; and suddenly as the outcome of an enterprise undertaken for a purely humane purpose, this power, that has so developed in peace, is in danger, the further extension of commerce is imperilled, and the course of national life itself, liable to be thwarted and arrested, unless armies and navies, not before dreamed of, are called into being."

A fairly true picture of "coming events [casting their shadows before]".

I am, Sir,  
Yours respectfully,  
JOHN HAROLD.

#### THE CONDITION OF HYDE PARK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 September, 1901.

SIR,—Now that one has read the article published in last week's Review on the state of Hyde Park one is inclined to wonder how it is that the subject has not been taken up before. Possibly it is too serious a matter to form the basis of a silly season correspondence in any one of the several "largest circulations". The difficulty of grappling with the evil appears to form a new illustration of the old axiom that what is everyone's business is no one's business. If your remarks do not induce the authorities to act then some further steps ought to be taken with a view to compelling them to do so.

The evil is old-standing, and is accentuated apparently year by year. It has now reached such a pitch, so far as I can understand, that men even, to say nothing of women and children, are beginning to fight shy of certain parts of the Park in the day-time and of all parts at night-time. Nor is the state of things you describe confined to Hyde Park. I have it from several people whose business takes them through S. James' Park that the parts which are not enclosed for the sake of the flowers and shrubs have become the lounges and dressing places of loafers, whose condition offends the eyes and nostrils of all decent folk. To throw the lungs of London open to the masses and to allow them to be utilised by such creatures is worse than farcical: it is tragic.

For those who, like myself, live in London and have children whom they wish to send into the Parks to play, the trouble is very grave. The nurse and the little ones not only go in danger but may bring home with them all sorts of horrors. I for one shall insist that my children henceforth give Hyde Park a wide berth. But really the mischief is wide as the Metropolis. Wherever you find a "lung" you will find the loafer, and it is becoming a very anxious question with parents where they are to send their children for fresh air. I am by no means entirely of your opinion that the London County Council is as vigilant as it might be.

Is there no remedy for the state of things you describe? To turn these vagrants into the streets would be no remedy. It would merely distribute the mischief, and make general what is now local. Drastic measures are required. I cannot help reflecting that this social wastage and disgrace could hardly exist if we had conscription in England. I do not believe that you will find anything like it in Germany. At the risk of seriously offending all orthodox notions of freedom I venture to say that the majority of these wastrels, if caught young and disciplined as they would be in the army, might become moderately respectable citizens. That being impossible, at any rate at the moment, there seems nothing for it but to start an asylum for wastrels, where life will not be made altogether pleasant, but to which these creatures will have to retire if they do not choose to work and do not want to be sent to prison. They should be segregated as social lepers, and care taken that the sexes are kept apart. Heredity in the wastrel is a fact which unhappily needs no demonstration.

I am, yours, &c.  
BAYSWATER.



## REVIEWS.

## NEW COLLEGE AND ITS FOUNDER.

College Histories Series. "New College." By Hastings Rashdall and Robert S. Rait. London: Robinson. 1901. 5s. net.

WE confess that our first feeling on closing this book is one of disappointment. Not that we have any serious fault to find with the way in which it has been written—the names of the authors are sufficient guarantee for historical accuracy and scholar-like presentment—but we cannot help regretting that the material for the mediæval period was comparatively so meagre and that characteristic details were so few. The history of one of the greatest of Oxford Colleges, founded in a period of political convulsion by one of the most remarkable and representative men of his time, might easily have furnished some incidents which, while in themselves collegiate, would have possessed more than collegiate interest. But as it happened the tide of national events did not in that age approach the walls of S. Mary of Winchester in Oxford; the famous ecclesiastical statesman, who stamped his college so strongly with his own ideas and watched its development so narrowly, lived his own unrestful life at a distance from its quiet precincts; and no other internal or outside influence interfered to prevent its devoting the first century of its existence to the humdrum task of the consolidation of its privileges and property and to the preoccupations natural to a place of study in a studious age.

Yet in spite of this absence of incident we are inclined to think that for most readers the early portion of the story will possess more interest than the years of persecution and turmoil under the Tudors and Stuarts. The figure of the founder himself is well worthy of the care and reverence that Mr. Rashdall has bestowed on its portrayal; while Wykeham's educational ideas as exhibited in his elaborate statutes are an important contribution to our knowledge of the views then held on the functions of the University in its relation to the State. The royal dealings with the members of the college in the earliest phase of the Reformation movement under Henry VIII., and the final disappearance of scholastic Oxford amidst the precarious pomp of the Great Rebellion, arose in a great measure from the needs of temporary policy and were shared by a considerable part of the population of England; but the spontaneous determination of a statesman to found a college and a school to meet the educational and social requirements of his day was a large experiment and a striking commentary upon the man and his time.

Wykeham, the aspersions on whose private character Mr. Rashdall uncompromisingly rejects, was well fitted both by training and principles to be the founder of New College. His sagacity, caution, and moderation as a man of affairs, his political preference for constitutional government by King and Parliament, his aversion to extreme measures in public policy, and his steady defence of the orthodox Church against the attacks of Wycliffe, made him just the kind of person to whom the foundation of such an institution could in the general opinion be freely entrusted. He was anything but an idealist. He had little learning in the scholastic sense; his standards political or religious were neither better nor worse than those of other men; he had nothing of the saint or the hero. He lacked the imagination of the great statesman, or the combativeness of intense conviction which in those days so often led to brilliant victory or overwhelming disaster. He was always ready, if need were, to retreat, and at a period when coups d'état were the fashion he was remarkable for the caution with which he advanced. He shared alike in the public virtues and abuses which were common to his position. As "the worst pluralist of his day" he called forth the indignation of Wycliffe, but he was equally prominent in almsgiving and in care for public works. A supremely safe man, with considerable powers of observation and foresight, and an experience gathered from all the more eminent walks of life, he was, says Mr. Rashdall, probably the most respected prelate of his age. "It was in the main due to his virtues rather than to his failings

that he won more respect and suffered less injury at the hands of political opponents than any other public man of his time." And, we may add, it was because he was so representative of that time, because his mind though open was of an essentially common order, and because he possessed a wide and intimate knowledge of English life and affairs, that the lines on which he based his institution are so interesting.

As might be expected from this brief summary of his character and career, Wykeham's statutes enunciate no new and grand principle of education. But, as the work of a practised lawyer and finished man of the world, they show a great belief in the adequacy of legal provisions, a shrewd knowledge of human nature, a clear grasp of some of the weaknesses of the mediæval educational system, and in several points a very intelligible concession to the prejudices and peculiarities of the founder himself. It was natural enough that Wykeham should choose the collegiate form for his new institution, for, as Mr. Rashdall points out, hospitals and monasteries were out of fashion, and his age was "the college-founding epoch par excellence". It was natural again that an ecclesiastic of Wykeham's type, at a time when religious houses were falling into disfavour, should apply his foundation to the training and support of men destined to become secular clergy. Remembering too his own youth as a clerk, and recognising that the only ladder of promotion open to a poor man was that which he himself had climbed, he was very reasonably desirous of providing others with an education which should give them an opportunity of following in his steps. As to most of his contemporaries, the various forms of religious superstition, such as the singing of masses for the founder's soul, appealed strongly to Wykeham, and a good supply of these could only be guaranteed by an ecclesiastical foundation. In the same way the architectural splendours of the college remind us of him who in Wycliffe's phrase was "wise in buildyng castles". All these features are what might have been expected; Wykeham's special ideas and aims in the sphere of educational progress must be sought elsewhere.

The most original part of his scheme was the connexion he established between the college at Oxford and the college at Winchester, the latter being intended as a place where the rudiments of Latin, then the generally accepted basis of sound learning, might be learnt more thoroughly and to a later age than was at that time the custom for boys intending to go up to Oxford. Another important and novel feature was the institution of informatores or tutors under whom each scholar was in his first three years to study, and who were to be paid out of the College revenues. Up till that time nothing approaching to the modern Don had been recognised in Oxford, and instruction had been conducted by means of disputations. Wykeham had a great belief in maintaining the dignity of his College. His Warden wore a special dress, received a salary of £40 per annum, a large sum in those days, and was allowed a stable of six horses; each of his scholars had a bed to himself, and a special servant carried their heavy clasped books to the schools. The College discipline was largely borrowed from ecclesiastical models. Amongst other things a daily attendance in chapel was made obligatory, and amusements or sports were practically forbidden. Only on days of festival did the founder permit his scholars "to sit round the great central brazier after dinner or supper and indulge in 'songs and other solaces', or listen to 'poems, chronicles of the realm, wonders of this world, or other things which befit the clerical state'; a pleasant recognition, adds the author, scanty as it is, of the fact that the age of Wykeham—an age of decadence in the reign of scholasticism and Latin literature generally—was also the age which gave birth to English literature". There was no distinction such as now exists between Fellows, Commoners or Scholars, and the official style remains to this day "The Warden and Scholars of the College of S. Mary of Winchester in Oxford". As the head of this elaborately constituted administration the Warden did most of the important business. Such were some of the main features of the system, a kind of fusion between the ideal of the self-governing hall and the ecclesiastical house, which one of the most capable

men of the time regarded as the best for his own or any other age.

It is impossible in the limits of this article to follow the fortunes of this famous foundation through the weary period of religious and civil strife that began under Henry VIII. and ended under Charles II. New College merged in the individuality of Oxford always inclined to Conservatism and followed but slowly in the wake of national movement. As a rule Wardens and Fellows alike were too much behind the time to be time-servers. Bishop Horne's visitation under Elizabeth, which ended in the cruel mutilation of the College Chapel, found the Warden and Fellows anything but subservient. Again during the reign of Charles I. Laud's view that Calvin's Institutions were gaining too strong a hold upon the younger men affords no proof of Radicalism for by that time even the highest Churchman had come to accept the theology of Geneva.

Like the rest of Oxford New College threw itself heartily into the Royal cause during the Civil War, gave its plate to the King, turned its cloisters into a magazine, and in due course felt the displeasure of the victorious Parliament. But the visitation though inconvenient was conducted with moderation and with the Restoration an easier though meaner era began. The old Oxford nourished on the ancient learning had gone; the coffee-house soon became more fashionable than the library; nor did the desire for serious study return until the nineteenth century brought in the Age of Reform.

"It is hard", says Mr. Rashdall, "to present a living picture of life in an institution"; and though he applies this remark in an especial degree to the mediæval life of New College, it holds good of all College history. It may be true that in the deepest sense "the history of its Universities is the history of a country in microcosm". But since the stage is narrow and generally wanting in incident, the important part of University history is not to be found in the pages of the ordinary historian, and a readable account of the life of a University or College is hard to write. The real interest of such history to the ordinary reader lies in the lives of the remarkable men that the institution has sent forth, and of those who have influenced their youthful aspirations. But men of the former class are few, their work is done in wider fields, and their connexion with the College or University ends in most cases before their career has begun. For a history containing special biographies of great alumni the energy of no single man would suffice. Still fewer perhaps are those teachers who, like the late Master of Balliol, dominate and form the minds of younger men. In both categories New College is poor. Her list of notabilities from Grocyn to Ken includes no mind of the highest order. Hence there is all the more reason to congratulate Mr. Rashdall on finding upon so dead a level not a little that is interesting or curious, and on having the good sense to touch very lightly upon the less stimulating parts of the College existence. We heartily recommend the book to all New College men, and the style and treatment to all College historians.

#### LESSONS FROM WORK.

"Lessons from Work." By Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan. 1901. 6s.

BISHOP WESTCOTT'S death removed almost the last of the great scholar bishops whose names are likely to be remembered by posterity. Like Pusey he combined the characteristics of seer, saint and great clerk. *Pectus facit theologum*. But Westcott was not called to be a leader of controversy. He was fitted rather to be a Moses on the hill than a Joshua discomfiting Amalek in the plain. Great principles are enunciated in broad generalities, but fought for round particulars. And men complained that it was not always easy to point out the detailed application of Bishop Westcott's lofty teachings. His however was not the foggiest and blurred thought of the "plain" Englishman, nor yet the judicious vagueness of the "safe" divine, but rather the exaltation of the mystic,

with whom outlines become indistinct and subject and object fused. The central fact of all existence, the key to all riddles, is, he never wearied of proclaiming, the union of divine and human, unseen and visible, eternal and temporal, through the Incarnation, which gives to philanthropy and to art their true motive and claims every region of thought and every department of life, investing not only the common task but even the wayside flower with a more than Wordsworthian sacredness. He thought of it, however, rather as a melting of the earthly into the heavenly than as an actualising of eternal things in the forms, systems and institutes of time and space. The Word made Flesh dwelt in Bishop Westcott's imagination more as a glorious historical idea, a general sacramentalising of the natural order, than in the concrete shape of the Story of Bethlehem and of the "extension of the Incarnation" in the Catholic Church and her ordinances. The most inspiring representative since Maurice of the higher broad churchmanship, he had the broad church dislike of those troublesome ecclesiastical disputes whose settlement is, after all, the necessary corollary of Truth and Life bodied in positive human institutions. Where the whole universe is a mystery and all men consecrated, the exclusiveness of covenanted channels and appointed ministries seems to narrow the sphere of Incarnation.

Bishop Westcott's influence was the double influence of enthusiast and of commentator. It is indeed the mystics, not the practical men, who shape the world. Heaven is to them no slowly fading fresco, awful shapes seen now but dimly and angels bearing censers just discerned, but that open "vision" without which "the people perish". In the chapel and courts of Trinity young Westcott saw visions, and in old age he confessed "my joy is to dream dreams". Speaking to the young Cambridge men at the century's close he implored them to claim the Pentecostal promise, and embrace the visions which would assuredly be offered them in that place. "A youth without visions is an old age without hope." The high seriousness of the early- or mid-Victorian *jeunesse* was occasionally priggish and affected. But now that every movement seems exhausted and every "cause" stale or exploded, now that "unattainable ideals" are no longer "the guiding stars of life", but the modern undergraduate or don follows only the lamp of his bicycle, we venerate the courage of one whose "Tis sixty years since" was no confession of disillusionment but a call to advance. He forgot, it may be, that dreams may be wistful as well as sanguine. An idealist is not usually an optimist. Human nature being what it is, he usually finds himself in what, this side eternity, is a losing cause. Bishop Westcott's enthusiasm about the future was akin perhaps to a certain limitation of sympathy, a limitation which peeps out in the odd remark that the necessity for Cromwellianism was made patent to him by an afternoon among Vandyck's graceful, melancholy portraits and a study of King Charles's hands. The Puritan revolution was at best the triumph of one idealism over another. And it is that other which could have saved England and America from the materialism and frivolity, the naturalism and vulgarity in art and literature, the carelessness of judgment standing at the door, which filled even Bishop Westcott with "desponding". The English character is Puritan, but also, he said, it is "naturally unwilling to accept ideals".

If Westcott recalled the Cambridge Platonists, Lightfoot—of whom Dr. Hort said that "his mental interests lay almost exclusively in concrete facts and written words; he never seemed to care for any generalisation"—represented that more general spirit of the Cam which, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says, while the "adorable dreamer" on the Isis was always in trouble about her soul, plodded on tranquilly at enclitics and tenses. Yet Westcott will live as the great exponent of that patient and minute elucidation of each jot and tittle of the sacred text which is the especial contribution of Cambridge to the defence of the faith. He showed the inspiration of every particle and inflexion to carry with it not the stereotyping of an inelastic and unintelligent resting on the past, but the progressive interpretation of a faith once delivered, as the



Spirit takes the things of Christ and declares them to each age. The truths of the Bible are sufficient, he held, to resolve the complex problems of our own time. The study of those problems in the light of the Incarnation, the meaning of the "One Body of Christ", was to be the work of the Christian Social Union, of which he was president. Socialism has been called a bad parody of mediævalism, and the Bishop's dislike of the middle ages might have been softened by the thought that the individualism and commercialism which he deplored are dated by himself from their close. Then, if ever, was society an organic structure, based on duties rather than rights, and Church and State a reality. A socialism which is not Christian was to Bishop Westcott unintelligible. Changed circumstances are nothing without changed men. He did not believe that men are unfitted for this life by preparing themselves for another, that the living Wage is better than the living Water, or that "credo in vitam venturi sæculi" means, as a socialist clergyman maintained, "I believe in the life of the twentieth century". As regards union with non-conformity the Bishop seems to us somewhat one-sided. For he says that Anglicans cannot ignore or pronounce uncatholic the deliberate convictions of so large a multitude of believers. Yet he clearly would not extend this sympathy to the convictions of the much vaster and more ancient Roman Catholic communion, and scarcely at all to those of the Greeks.

#### THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE.

"The Natives of South Africa." Edited by the South African Native Races Committee. London: Murray. 1901. 12s. net.

It ought to be a truism that in every country where there is a large native population, some definite principle should be adopted in dealing with it; but in South Africa this has not been the case. The Cape Government has shown some regard for the formula that all men are equal. In Natal it has not yet been decided whether the natives should be up-lifted or kept down. The native policy is one of drift, tempered by spasmodic legislation. The *grondwet* of the late Transvaal Government declared "that the people will admit of no equality of persons of colour with white inhabitants, in either Church or State". The Transvaal policy might be summed up in the words: "Govern them and keep them down for ever."

South Africa teems with blacks, who increase at a far greater rate than the whites. In their untutored state, the one ambition which makes it worth a man's while to work is to buy wives; for they will work for their lord's sustenance, and bear him daughters, each worth many cows, while he himself passes time away in idleness. The agricultural system pursued by the women is that early institution of working out land until exhausted, and then breaking up fresh soil. Next to want of wives, the desire for clothes and drink is the chief inducement to work: both of these are detrimental to health; for with clothing come consumption and other diseases; while drink brings both moral and physical evils, more especially when high wages make prolonged orgies possible. Some natives in the Cape Colony have advanced in civilisation by the help of mission schools; they pass Standard VI, live in white man's houses, and vote. In Natal, where natives outnumber whites by 10 to 1, public sentiment is against their education. The Colonial Government discontinued the grants in aid of industrial schools in Zululand as soon as it took over the administration of the country. Yet even in Natal the black man has begun to claim rights. A congress of Natal natives was held for the first time last summer to discuss questions of representation, education and land tenure. Their demands were moderate; they asked that four European electors might be selected by the natives as their representatives in Parliament. A sentence from one of the chief speakers is worth quoting. "He knew that there was no one who wished a native should sit along with a white man in Parliament; they were children as yet in regard to learning; but they did want a mouth in the House to speak for them." There was a strong feeling expressed that as the Government had established a

school for Indians, it might fairly be asked to start a training school for native teachers. With regard to the land they only asked for fixity of tenure: "We are being told on every hand 'Why do you not cultivate the land?' The reply is 'Give us the land to cultivate.'" Such claims cannot be altogether ignored; especially when enforced by an argument stronger than words—their law-abiding devotion to what we have laid down as their duty. The sentiments expressed by Newadi, when he handed a bag containing over £200 to the Secretary for Native Affairs, are typical of native loyalty: "In this bag you will find a small token of the gratitude of myself and my people for the protection afforded us, by the Government and by the army of her Majesty the Queen. We were told to stay at home, and we have done so. The Queen's soldiers have fought, have been wounded, and have died for us, whilst we remained unscathed in our homes. Many of them are wounded and sick. This small gift from me and my people may furnish some needful comforts for them; and for this purpose I have brought it. We have just paid our hut-tax and dog-tax, we have had anxiety and much expense to provide for ourselves and our families; my people have not been able to work and earn money as they might have done; if it were not for these things your table would be red with Amangwane money for the use of the sick and wounded soldiers of her Majesty the Queen."

At a time when comradeship in war has given the Empire a unity of spirit, and when the natives have proved their law-abiding faithfulness, "to labour for an Africa, in which white men and black, though different, will respect and help one another", should be no unthankful task. The South African Committee have done a service in collecting information with regard to the social and economic condition of the natives; the work has been well and honestly done; the matter is skilfully arranged, the maps excellent. The reader may possibly not always agree with the conclusions; but the object of the Committee is to inform public opinion, rather than to instil its own ideas; and the conclusions, which must be looked upon as those of individual editors, are nowhere dogmatic. The desire to keep clear of controversy is evident; otherwise an interesting chapter might have been written on Miss Kingsley's saying: "Protestant English missions have had much to do with rendering the African useless." We may gather how much they have had to do with rendering him useful from a delightful picture of the Lovedale Mission School. This book should be carefully read by all who are interested in South Africa; especially should it be read in the colonies, where facts are hard to come by, as each man is apt to colour his opinions from his personal surroundings.

#### MR. BIGELOW'S COLONIAL STUDIES.

"The Children of the Nations." By Poultney Bigelow. London: Heinemann. 1901. 10s. net.

SINCE the United States, by appropriating the remnant of Spanish Empire, became a Colonial Power, so-called, American writers, politicians and historians have been characteristically keen to discover and discuss the secret of successful colonisation. Mr. Poultney Bigelow is by no means first in the field with his study of the problem. Such inquiries as his cannot fail to afford a measure of amusement to the mere Briton, who learnt his lesson long ago. There is a smug cocksureness about the American who discusses questions of Empire which prepares us for Mr. Bigelow's assurance that "Big men are not necessarily the product of big countries, for in that case Russia would be the nursery of European heroes". It is a conceit wholly in keeping with Mr. Bigelow's naïve belief that England owes her position as "colonial mistress of the world" to the "hard knocks" administered by the Americans during ten years of strife. That Great Britain has never forgotten the lesson of 1776-1783 is undoubted, but that lesson was not wholly colonial and England's success subsequently is attributable to a good many causes besides the revolt of the American colonies. Mr. Bigelow has much to say of the misguided system which

brought about that revolt. We have no desire to enter into a defence of either George III. or his advisers in their dealings with the colonies, but we suppose that even Mr. Bigelow will admit two points: first that the connexion with England was an absurdity if the views of the colonists alone were to prevail, and second that the Americans only triumphed through the assistance received from France and Spain whose colonial systems they detested. Whence does Mr. Bigelow derive his idea that the final blow to France in Canada was delayed owing to the fears entertained by the Americans of the uses to which the Mother Country would put her military forces? That blow was delivered by England and but for the genius of Wolfe the colonies would have been compelled to take shelter indefinitely under her wing. There would probably have been little thought of revolt if the contest on the Heights of Abraham had resulted in the triumph of Montcalm. As it was the colonists did precisely what the Boers did after the British forces had destroyed the power of Cetewayo and Secocoeni. They struck at the hand which had saved them, and in both cases Great Britain was the victim of her own prowess.

When he leaves history, Mr. Bigelow has little to say of British methods that is not complimentary. He contrasts with them the methods of Spain, of France, and of Germany. England has never made her name a by-word for cruelty with her native subjects as did Spain; her dependencies have never wanted the one indispensable element, namely settlers, as have the dependencies of France. Germany has yet to prove her capacity as a colonising power. Her colonies up to the present, like those of France, have been mainly peopled with officials. There are some who believe that the day is not far distant when America and Germany will become competitors for the political and commercial control of South America. Mr. Bigelow anticipates that the southern continent will in due time form an independent United States, without Yankee leanings. With a touch of common sense, which is not altogether Pan-American, he points out: "We in America of the North are apt to think that the Spanish American holds us in affection—is in some mysterious way part of our big western hemisphere family life: that is not so, and for the very good reason that the same feeling that impels the New Englander to visit the birthplace of Shakespeare and gaze with awe at the venerable parchment of Magna Charta induces the Republican Spaniard of Buenos Ayres and Mexico to visit the home of Cervantes and climb the lofty flights of the Escorial." A federation of the States of South America is less likely than a scramble for them among more virile peoples, eager to find new outlets for settlement and new opportunities for the acquisition of wealth, and when the time comes, neither intensity of racial sentiment nor the Monroe doctrine itself will prove equal to preserving South America from unwelcome European attentions. The colonising ambition of the United States, which Mr. Bigelow foreshadows, will not easily, as he foresees, be realised in the southern continent.

Mr. Bigelow has travelled so widely and studied the colonial problem so closely that it is astonishing to find him tripping frequently. Some of his sentences are cryptic and we do not attempt to discover their meaning. His chapter on Australasia is little better than a tissue of misconceptions. He seems to think that Australian federation was brought about as the joint result of Queen Victoria's two jubilees and the war in South Africa. But the very perfection of muddle-headedness is reached when he gives credit for federal action to "Sir Harry Parkes, an eminent diplomat and clear-headed patriot, whose services in China entitle him" &c. &c. In the errata to the book we read "Sir Henry Parkes of Australia must not be confused with the eminent Sir Harry Parkes of Chinese diplomatic fame"—the very thing Mr. Bigelow himself has done. He might have added to his errata: Page 176: for "Orange Free State" read "Orange River Colony". As "The Huguenots gave up their speech for Dutch", so Mr. Bigelow thinks "the Boers will surrender theirs for English". Is that intended for a subtle hint that English must be forcibly substituted for Dutch? The Huguenots had no choice. Mr. Bigelow talks of Kiao

Chow as "Germany's first colony". Has he forgotten East and South-West Africa, to say nothing of New Guinea?

#### HENRY GEORGE REDIVIVUS.

"Democracy v. Socialism." By Max Hirsch. London: Macmillan. 1901. 10s. net.

THIS is a book which has been supposed to possess a much greater importance than really belongs to it. Why this unreal value has been ascribed to it we have not been able to discover, unless its size produces the uncritical opinion that it must contain a final and unanswerable assault on whatever goes by the name of socialism which the title seems to promise. We have no desire to interfere with this comfortable belief by advising persons so easily persuaded to read the book. For one reason because the more they feel the comfort of such a belief on such grounds the less likely would they be able to make head or tail of it. It is not half so exciting as the militant title might make one imagine. A considerable part of it consists of dry discussions of the ordinary topics of textbooks of economics, which might impress, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, but would certainly bewilder, the unsophisticated readers who would otherwise accept an exposure of socialism with enthusiasm. But supposing this initial difficulty overcome we have no doubt that at least ninety-nine out of a hundred readers who relished the socialistic polemic would be as violently angry with Mr. Hirsch's antidote to socialism as they would with the arch-heresy itself. That antidote or, to change the figure, *via media* between socialism and individualism, is simply the late Mr. Henry George's expropriation of all land values from their owners by means of what is known as the Single Tax. Mr. George's exposition had its day of popularity; days of criticism succeeded, and we had thought that whatever influence it had had passed into what current there may be of socialistic feeling, without leaving any considerable body of adherents of Mr. George's specific proposal. Hence Mr. Hirsch's book seems a belated effort to revive a movement which seemed to have died of inanition. Possibly Mr. Hirsch has undertaken his laborious task on account of the recent development of interest in the growth of industrial monopolies and combinations. On his theory the harm which they are able to inflict on society arises not from their being huge combinations of capital but from being monopolies of land and appropriations of land values.

His views of private ownership of land are not different from those of the socialism he attacks. From this ownership arise what he calls spurious capital and interest. If the state levies an ever-increasing tax on the monopoly value of every piece of land then you get real capital, a beneficent power which Socialists ignorantly denounce. There would be free competition; capitalist and labourer would get exactly what absolute justice would distribute to them, and the economic millennium would have arrived. This is what Mr. Hirsch means by democracy. The only political signification the word has in his sense appears to be spoliation by the state of certain classes of society by a new system of taxation. Socialism at any rate proposes to make all classes equally the protégés of the state. Imposed at once Mr. Hirsch admits that ruin and civil war would follow from the new taxation. Imposed by gradual increments he believes the victims would submit in the interests of the state. Did Mr. Hirsch ever hear of the coal tax? It is moreover a preposterous notion that, say, a market gardener can be so taxed that only the value of his monopoly of the land shall be appropriated and the exact value of his capital and his skill retained by him. Mr. Hirsch sets out the usual objections to state management of industries. They may or may not be valid; as the blessings of the full-blown socialistic state in the mouths of certain socialists may be exaggerated; one cannot test prophecies. But at any rate the single tax proposal implies the absolute control of all industrial enterprises by the state, and it is impossible to imagine any form of control more disastrous. Values of agricultural and business land would vary with politics, and capitalist



land speculators would gain from the constant changes and the compulsory sales by successive owners until the probable civil war foreseen by Mr. Hirsch put an end to the process.

It is not worth while going through so much to gain so little. As far as we can make out if Mr. Hirsch's ideal could be realised and all monopoly values ceased to exist, the profits of real capital would be brought to about the same level in all industrial undertakings. The stimulus of seizing upon special opportunities and gaining larger profits than the ordinary which at present leads to new enterprises would cease to exist. Yet Mr. Hirsch supposes he has retained all the advantages of competition and individualism without the asserted disadvantages of the lethargy of socialism. He expects his new order of business men to be as keen and alert to strike out new paths when the chances of individual benefit have been indefinitely cut down as they are now. Why should they unless they will work as vigorously for the state as they do now for themselves? The socialists suppose this would happen with men accustomed to the idea of the social state. This may be an impossible supposition: but Mr. Hirsch's error consists in believing that he may take away the incentives of society as now constituted and yet expect the same energies and virtue from it without supplying it with new motives. It is a compromise which will not work. It has all the terrors of socialism for the Individualist and none of the attractions of socialism for the socialist. To establish it would be as difficult and as many powerful interests would be disturbed as if it were proposed to establish a brand-new socialistic State, and the results of it are quite as doubtful. The device of the single tax is as much a quack specific, vaunted by its concocter as infallible for securing every man his due, as the most imaginative system of a socialistic state ever devised. In one case free competition is warranted to have that result; in the other the award of the state. Both are impossible conceptions. Mr. Hirsch derides socialists for having neither an economic theory nor a social theory. That is absurd for they have both, and are quite as well equipped in that respect as Mr. Hirsch. Like him too they are only too ready to believe in them. The only difference we see, and it decides us in our opinion as to Mr. Hirsch's case for what he calls democracy against socialism, is that it is possible to take tentative stages towards socialism without injustice. It can be tested as we go along, trying the effect of extended state action. Every application of Mr. Hirsch's method would produce disorder and disaster. There is sufficient experience already for a demonstration of that.

#### VILLON.

"François Villon." Par Gaston Paris. ("Les Grands Écrivains Français.") Paris: Hachette. 1901.

VILLON, says M. Gaston Paris, was the first modern poet: he remains the most modern of poets. One requires a certain amount of old French, together with some acquaintance with the argot of the time, to understand the words in which he has written down his poems; many allusions to people and things have only just begun to be cleared up, in the volume before us, for example; but, apart from these things, no poet has ever brought himself closer to us, taken us into his confidence more simply, than this "personnage peu recommandable" (we quote M. Gaston Paris), "fainéant, ivrogne, joueur, débauché, écornifleur, et, qui pis est, souteneur de filles, escroc, voleur, crocheteur de portes et de coffres". The most disreputable of poets, he confesses himself to us with a frankness in which shamelessness is difficult to distinguish from humility. M. Gaston Paris, who for the most part is content to take him as he is, for better for worse, finds it necessary to apologise for him when he comes to the ballad of "La Grosse Margot": this, he professes, we need not take as a personal confession, but as a mere exercise in composition! But if we are to understand Villon, rightly, we must not reject even "la grosse Margot" from her place in his life. He was no dabbler

in infamy, but one who loved infamous things for their own sake. He loved everything for its own sake: "la grosse Margot" in the flesh, "les dames du temps jadis" in the spirit,

"Sausses, brouets et gros poissons,  
Tartes, flaons, cefs frits et pochez,  
Perdus, et en toutes façons."

his mother, "le bon royaume de France", and above all, Paris. "Il a parcouru toute la France sans rapporter une seule impression de campagne. C'est un poète de ville, plus encore: un poète de quartier. Il n'est vraiment chez lui que sur la Montagne Sainte-Geneviève, entre le Palais, les collèges, le Châtelet, les tavernes, les rôtisseries, les tripots et les rues où Marion l'Idole et la grande Jeanne de Bretagne tiennent leur 'publique école'." It is in this world that he lived, for this world that he wrote. "Fils du peuple, entré par l'instruction dans la classe lettrée, puis déclassé par ses vices, il dut à son humble origine de rester en communication constante avec les sources éternelles de toute vraie poésie." And so he came into a literature of formalists, like a child, a vigorous, unabashed malicious child, into a company of greybeards.

Villon, before anyone in French literature, called things by their names, made poetry as Homer made it, with words that meant facts. He was a thief and a vagabond who wrote in the "grand style" by daring to be sincere to himself, to the aspect under which human things came to him, to the precise names of precise things. He had a sensitiveness in his soul which perhaps matched the deftness of his fingers, in their adroit, forbidden trade; his soul bent easily from his mother praying in the cloister to the fat Margot drinking in the tavern; he could dream exquisitely over the dead ladies who had once been young, and who had gone like last year's snow, and then turn to the account-book of his satirical malice against the clerks and usurers for whom he was making the testament of his poverty. He knew winter, "when the wolves live on wind", and how the gallows looks when one stands under it. And he knew all the secrets of the art of verse-making, which courtly poets, like the King, used for the stringing together of delicate trifles, ornamental evasions of facts. He was no poet of the people, but a scholar vagabond, loving the gutter; and so he has the sincerity of the artist as well as the only half-convincing sincerity of the man. There has been no greater artist in French verse, as there has been no greater poet; and the main part of the history of poetry in France is the record of a long forgetting of all that Villon found out for himself.

When Clément Marot edited the works of Villon in 1533, he lamented that so little was then known of "les lieux, les choses et les hommes dont il parle", and that this little would itself soon be forgotten. We are only now beginning to know what there is to know about Villon and the persons and things of which he speaks, and much of our knowledge is due to the researches of a brilliant scholar of letters, M. Marcel Schwob, who has for many years been investigating the archives for traces of Villon. Some of M. Schwob's discoveries have been communicated by him to the Académie des Inscriptions, others, still unpublished, he has put at the disposal of M. Gaston Paris; and it is to M. Schwob that most of what is new in M. Gaston Paris' book is due. This book, then, gives us for the first time a faithful study of the real man, and it is written with all the learned skill of one of the most learned of contemporary scholars. In brief space it gives us all that is actually known of the life of Villon, together with an analysis of his poems, in which a great number of his allusions to real people and things are succinctly explained. There is a sketch of the political, social and religious history of the time; of the Latin Quarter as Villon knew it, and of his associates there; of the University, its teaching, and what Villon learnt in it; of his acquaintance with books, and of his knowledge of contemporary history. Nor is Villon as a poet less admirably analysed. The series of "Grands Écrivains Français" has already published many excellent biographies, many excellent pieces of criticism; but no volume at once so valuable to the student and so entertaining to the general reader.

## LANCELOT AND GUENEVERE.

"The Legend of Sir Lancelot of the Lake." By Jessie L. Weston. London: Nutt. 1901. 6s.

TO show us the Knights of the Round Table as the early songsters saw them is the aim of this author. In her field of labour she has already achieved a great success by her rescue of King Arthur's gallant nephew, Sir Gawain from the horrible misrepresentations in the "Idylls of the King". She now takes in hand Sir Lancelot of the Lake and attempts to show that the "most gallant servant of the King and secret lover of the Queen" "is a comparatively late addition to the Arthurian legend".

She finds the explanation of his origin in his suffix "of the Lake". The original story, she thinks, knew him as the son of a deposed king, who was carried off by a water fairy and kept in fairy land, until he reached man's estate, when the Queen of the Faeries sent him off to seek knightly adventures. This original story (no doubt a Breton lay) did not, she thinks, connect him in any way with Guenevere or the Holy Grail. In fact in one old tale he marries the maid, Iblis, recovers his father's kingdom of Genewis, and he and his bride live to see their children's children and die on the same day (p. 17). How the simple Breton hero developed into the highly Frenchified cavalier of Malory and Tennyson, however, she fails to explain quite satisfactorily. It may be, as she suggests, that the later Lancelot tale was an imitation of the older story of Tristan and Iseult, or it may be that the story of the love of Guenevere for Lancelot which first appears in a poem by Chrétien des Troyes in the twelfth century owed its conception to the desire of mediæval princesses for a conventional love story in the Arthurian romance. But as yet the critical study of the Arthurian cycle is in its infancy, and until (as she admits p. 214) there exists a complete critical edition of the Lancelot epos, any theory on the subject will run the risk of subversion by the accidental discovery of some hitherto unknown factor.

What this book conclusively shows is that the "sad sweet idyll Guenevere" and indeed the love story in the Mort Darthur from which it is derived have nothing in common with the traditionary version of Arthur's own country. The Arthur of real life (we may remind the readers of Tennyson) was a Cornish chief with a following in Wales, who met Cerdic of Wessex in the stricken field, and at last fell (probably in the country that we now call Scotland) fighting against a Pictish chief. In some mysterious way Celtic tradition associated the death of the King with the treachery of his wife, and to this day, as Professor Rhys has shown, there are places in Wales, where to insult a woman is to call her Guenevere.

Even in the strange legends of Geoffrey of Monmouth, wherein Arthur appears as the conqueror of Europe, the essential note of the old tragedy remains. When the King is marching on Rome he hears that the Queen has forsaken him for Modred and he hastens back to fight his last "weird battle of the west". The romancers and monks of the twelfth century however buried the ancient story beneath a mass of mystic religion and chivalric conceit, and while generally extolling Guenevere as the noblest of Queens and the best of women allow her the mildest of love affairs. Still even as conceived by the later mediævalist that love affair is not what Tennyson's readers imagine. It is no tale of the genuine spontaneous love of youth and maiden such as we find in Tristan and Iseult, but rather an account of a liaison between a young knight and a lady, his superior in age and station (pp. 113, 114). The story that Lancelot was sent to bring home his King's bride is a pure invention by Tennyson. With much that the author says of the sickly and artificial character of Malory's story, especially in its earlier stages, we agree; but surely the last two scenes in the old book, the penitence of Sir Lancelot and the vision which tells Sir Bors that the gates of heaven have opened to the repentant knight are among the highest efforts of Christian poetry.

## "THE ETERNAL CITY" AND OTHER NOVELS.

"The Eternal City." By Hall Caine. London: Heinemann. 1901. 6s.

It was Tacitus, was it not, who speaking of the Christians, (of whom he knew nothing) remarked that they had found their way to Rome like every other evil thing. Mr. Hall Caine was certain to get to Rome sooner or later; and now he has arrived. Having got to the eternal city, he must of course take the eternal religion as his motive; nothing less would be worthy of Mr. Caine's magnificent scale. His latest masterpiece contains 606 closely printed pages; on most of them someone's face shines as though it reflected the glory of the Almighty; on many of them someone's complexion is golden. The story is simple and in fact musty in its antiquity; but Mr. Caine's art has enabled him to adorn it with some fresh and brilliantly fatuous improbabilities. We have the perfectly Christian young man, living with anarchists and directing their operations, with the intention of establishing forthwith Christ's kingdom on earth by means of bombs and daggers. We have the ferocious despotic Prime Minister determined to put down by any means this good young man. We have the wicked and beautiful young woman—it is she whose face always shines, it is her figure which, strange to say, remains through five-sixths of the 600 odd pages perfectly lovely; and this young woman, by arrangement with the Prime Minister, sets out to seduce the good young man, to make him the laughing stock of Rome, and immediately falls in love with him. We have the Pope, cardinals, confessors, police agents and spies, ambassadors, a comic but honest servant, and all the rest of the hack company. In the course of the tale there are arrests, two trials, a suicide, a murder and a pathetic death-bed scene. In short there is nothing missing of the whole apparatus of blood-and-thunder melodrama. Mr. Caine's superb technique is shown by his copious use of the aid of coincidence. Smaller authors regard this as an antiquated piece of stage machinery. Not so Mr. Caine. With lordly contempt for the facts of life, he shows incredible daring and ingenuity in bringing people together. He makes the good young man son of the Pope, and the wicked seductive lady daughter of a saintly doctor who had looked after the good young man in his youth. And the fist of the long arm, in the shape of convincing evidence, is shaken in the face of one character after another; yet with laudable reticence, which is to say a desire to fill 606 pages, Mr. Caine allows none of them to perceive the truth until the right, that is, the last possible moment. Mr. Caine has survived these devices but they will not survive him. Mr. Caine, it is fair to admit, seems pretty well to take his own and his readers' measure. Aware that his characters &c. are not recognisable for what they purport to be; he very elaborately labels them. He gives us his candid opinion of all his own work, tells us that this utterance is "noble", this dream "sublime", and so on all through. Well, Mr. Caine knows his craft, and he knows his public. If by telling your readers that drivel is noble and moving, you can persuade them that it is noble, why not write drivel? To write well would in these circumstances be an offence against a prime law of art—not to use means disproportionate to the end to be attained. Mr. Caine's end is to fill 600 pages to the satisfaction of fools and ignoramuses; and he attains it. There are other aspects of Mr. Hall Caine's great work on which we can only touch: the guide-book aspect, the diction, and the pathos. His copious descriptions and tourist tips are done in the typical style of the guide-book, except that they are less intelligible. Equally prosaic, they have not the compensation of usefulness. His diction is an Anglo-Italian jargon. His pathos may be gauged by his baby version of the Lord's Prayer on page 7: "Our Fader oo art in Heben, alud be dy name"! Sacred things are nothing to your popular novelist when there is money to be made out of them. This feat makes such an impression on the good young man that twenty years later he repeats it, only making some mistakes,



natural in the case of a foreigner, with the capital letters.

Well, Mr. Caine is unique. Other masterpieces may follow this; but there will never be two Hall Caines, which is perhaps the world's best consolation for the misfortune that there is one.

"John Topp, Pirate." By Weatherby Chesney. London: Methuen. 1901. 6s.

If this story does not satisfy persons who like plain, straightforward tales, told completely without distinction, of beautiful Spanish ladies, blood, dons, devils, piratical exploits, huzzas and terrific pandemoniums, nothing will satisfy them. Mr. Chesney concerns himself with one John Topp, a Whitby lad and sworn shipmate of Alec Ireland. These engage in corsair expeditions upon the high seas against the enemies of Good Queen Bess; they also fare forth in quest of El Dorado, and indulge in attempts at rescuing a lovely Spanish creature named Inez (why are lovely Spanish creatures in novels invariably named Inez?). "They were about three to our one; so counting one Englishman to five of them, the odds in our favour were overwhelming." The sentence fairly sums up the quality of Mr. Chesney's writing, which certainly is not strained.

"The Story of Eva." By Will Payne. London: Constable. 1901. 6s.

This is a book of minor thirds, with something very like a major chord at the end. Mr. Payne's writing is not of the kind which arrests or startles. Rather it compels attention to detail, to a word here, a phrase there; but the portrait which is left at the end is whole and in proportion, while the background is filled in with due regard to the high lights which the painter wishes to emphasise. An American girl of the type-writing, capable-managing kind, of blowing beauty and of a singular strength, who leaves her first husband "because there were other women"; and a Typhoean, inert, childlike creature who takes her husband's place—without benefit of clergy until the last chapter—these are the main figures in a really distinctive picture. There is something of Harold Frederic here, something of Tolstoi, and something of Henry James. But Mr. Payne has a style of his own.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World." By Charles Darwin. London: Murray. 1901. 2s. 6d.

Though second-hand copies of this volume in good condition may often be bought for a few shillings at the bookstalls, a good many people will perhaps be glad that a new edition at a popular price has been brought out. This edition is well printed and has some passable illustrations. The book of course can never have anything like the vogue of "The Origin of Species" or "The Descent of Man", but its position as a classic amongst works on travel for scientific objects is quite assured. It is written in a simple enough style which brings it easily within the comprehension of the least scientific. The voyage was made in H.M.S. "Beagle" under the command of Captain FitzRoy and this book is in the form of a journal. For more scientific detail we must turn to the "Zoology of the Voyage of the 'Beagle'". It is interesting to recall the fact that to that larger publication, to which Darwin refers in his preface, those two delightful writers on natural history, Jenyns and Bell, both contributed: the former dealt with fish, the latter with reptiles. The works of both seem to us to be read far too little in these days: they are as sound as they are delightful.

"Woodland, Field and Shore." By Oliver G. Pike. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1901. 3s. 6d. net.

Not content merely with snap-shooting birds the naturalists must now be giving us snap-shots of birds as they appear snap-shooting themselves. Mr. Pike has succeeded in doing this by means of his "gun-camera" and enticed a blue titmouse into taking its own likeness. He also gives us photographs of the holes in banks in which sand-martins build and by means of a cross shows us the position of a hole in a tree in which tree-sparrows build. These illustrations have no artistic merit and are really of no value for the purpose of identifying birds or their nesting sites. But the book, when we can get away from the photographs, is very pleasant, and Mr. Pike has a great many interesting things to tell us of the birds. It may surprise many people to hear of tree-sparrows nesting in the suburban parks but Mr. Pike has found them frequenting the same nesting hole in a tree in one of these parks for ten consecutive years. We

have found this bird as well as the lesser redpole nesting in a frequented lane between London and Harrow, but it is evidently to be found even nearer town than that: possibly it sometimes visits, if it does not nest in, Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens.

"From Squire to Prince." By Walter Phelps Dodge. London: Unwin. 1901. 10s. 6d.

In this history of the rise of the House of Cirkseña, Mr. Dodge takes us to a country and to events that are little known to general readers but are of exceeding interest. The East Frisians to-day officially are Prussians. They have escaped the attentions of the tourist, and the records of the House of Cirkseña as Mr. Dodge says have almost vanished in the mist of the Middle Ages. He writes of a time when "blood was more than wealth" and "Cræsus had not laid his vulgarising hand upon the marriage bed". The history of Frisian independence beginning with the accession of Edzard in 1430 covered a period of some three hundred years. Frisia passed to Prussia through the failure of Carl Edzard who died in 1744 to give the country an heir. Since then Ost-Friesland as it is now called has had a chequered career, "as a Prussian possession . . . as a conquest of the first Napoleon, as a part of Holland, again of Prussia, then of Hanover and now finally as a province of Prussia since 1866". Mr. Dodge's book should find readers in all who can spare an hour from the study of the main stream of history.

"To the Mountains of the Moon." By J. E. S. Moore. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1901. 21s. net.

This volume is a result of two Tanganyika expeditions organised by a committee deeply interested in African zoology. Mr. Moore, besides dealing with various branches of natural history—he has a passion for "jelly-fish hunting and the serious pursuit of whelks"—has much that is interesting to record about the startling changes which are even now taking place in the lakes and watersheds of the interior of Africa. He describes too and discusses the causes of those curious natural park-lands which look like carefully-arranged gardens and which at first sight appear to be the work of some extinct race of native landscape gardeners. These park-lands have often been noticed by travellers. Stahlmann, Emin Pasha and Cassati amongst others drew attention to them. They cover wide areas of tropical Africa both in the interior and on the coast. Mr. Moore has made a valuable addition to the literature of travel and scientific research in Africa.

"A Coming Revolution." By Capt. Petavel, R.E. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1901. 1s.

Capt. Petavel has written a very interesting popular little book on the changes in our land system which he deems necessary before town industries can be transferred into the country and the revival of agriculture effected. As in similar books there is much that is reasonable and quite as much that would not bear criticism, and again as much as is not susceptible of it because it assumes the gift of prophecy. But Capt. Petavel has at least the grace to avoid proposing wholesale extermination of landlords by taxation as Mr. Max Hirsch does in the book we review in another column, which treats land nationalising in a much more uncompromising spirit.

#### SCHOOL BOOKS.

"A Short History of the Greeks from the Earliest Time to B.C. 146." By E. S. Shuckburgh. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1901.

Mr. Shuckburgh is a member of the honourable corporation of schoolmasters, so we are not surprised at finding him the author of an excellent school history, equally suitable for teacher and learner. The type is clear, the sections are well marked, and the illustrations are really illustrative, and not like so many publications of to-day, where the pictures and woodcuts have often little or no organic connexion with the text. The author is at his best in his chapters on the Persian war. Chapters VIII. and IX. might goad even a lower fourth form to historical ardour. In his account of the Peloponnesian war, Mr. Shuckburgh's introductory sketch is admirable, but in descriptive power he scarcely does justice to the "show pieces", Sphacteria and Syracuse. We suspect that here the writer is hampered by the differences existing between original authorities for the period. Could Thucydides be taken in the same cheerful spirit as Herodotus we should doubtless observe the effect on our historians. In the constitutional part we notice again a certain want of finality due to a sensitiveness to conflicting authorities. The tabulated information of Mr. Smith and the pithy paragraphs of Mr. Fyffe may be uninspiring, but they are infinitely easier to pigeon-hole mentally. The literary and artistic sections are admirably written.

"A Brief Introduction to Commercial Geography. The Commercial Relationships of Great Britain the Colonies and the United States." By the Rev. Frederick Smith. London: Blackie. 1900. 1s. 9d.

It is more than doubtful if Messrs. Blackie and Son have been wise to include this in their Raleigh Series of Geographies. I

is no easy affair to teach elementary geography by reason of the great drafts that must be drawn on knowledge that cannot be properly acquired till at a later age. Why therefore increase these drafts by introducing the ideas of commercial and industrial methods in addition to those concerning the behaviour of the great forces of nature? From the superficial nature of the treatment of these really fundamental ideas, the book is evidently meant to be a first book on the subject. For adults in evening continuation classes it may be of some use, but if there were an index expurgatorius for junior school books we should be inclined to propose its insertion in it. The distinction too between Anglo-Saxon commerce and that of the rest of the world seems purely factious. Trade may follow the flag, but it certainly does not follow racial distinctions.

"Bell's Intermediate Classics. Tacitus: Agricola." Edited by J. W. G. Pearce. London: Bell. 1901. 1s. 6d. net.

We have always considered the Agricola as one of the best of all school class books: the subject matter is intensely interesting, as it largely concerns our Teutonic forebears; the style is fully illustrative of Tacitean Latin and the difficulties are not beyond the comprehension of the learner and well calculated to excite his ingenuity. Mr. Pearce has produced a good working edition, equipped with all the Persian apparatus which the twentieth-century schoolboy has been brought up to expect. As we contemplate the illustrations, introduction and copious commentary and call to mind our youthful struggles with the old Oxford text furtively elucidated with the platitudes of Bohn, our spontaneous cry is "O mihi prateritos!" Yet somehow we have an uncomfortable feeling that the modern pupil is probably not such a "hardy" scholar as he who "multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit" which was the motto of the scholars of our older day.

"Progressive Chemistry." By Telford Varley. London: Black. 1900. 2s. net.

The movement for reform in science teaching has produced a veritable boom in text-books. Many of the latter are more reformed in matter than in manner. A new syllabus is followed, a few new and passably ingenious experiments find their way into print, but the ancient didactic method holds its own. Of course we do not forget that the perfect heuristic method ignores text-books; but it has been shown possible to produce one that may be used advantageously in connexion with a modified method: several indeed exist. But the present book cannot be recommended on these grounds. The physical part is very fairly handled. When, however, the chemistry proper begins the purely didactic method conquers. We begin with an elaborate experiment (page 76) to show that the products of combustion of a candle are not lost, and besides "carbonic acid gas" caustic soda is introduced, with a "curious property" of absorbing it. Really simple valuable experiments are tucked away at the beginning of each chapter into the smallest of print with the remark in the introduction that they are not necessary to the course! This is emphatically not the way to put together a progressive chemistry.

"Elementary Studies in Chemistry." By Joseph Torrey, jun. London: Constable. 1900. 6s. net.

This book possesses the cardinal sin of being unprovided with an index. The various chapters are merely headed with the illuminating titles of Lectures I., II., III., &c.! A more detailed examination of these lectures shows that the author is anything but elementary. In the very first one which concerns an experiment in weighing a certain volume of water he assumes and uses Archimedes' principle after a very perfunctory explanation. On page 145 we have Victor Meyer's vapour density determinations dragged in, and a few pages further on we are plunged into the vortex of the modern theories of dissociation. Such an apparent jumble of elementary and advanced work is obviously no book for the beginner in chemistry.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Genie und Charakter.* Von Robert Saitsschick. Berlin: Ernst Hofmann und Co. 1900. M.3.50.

Herr Saitsschick has essayed an original and interesting task. His object is to extract the temperament from the works of genius, and the character of great literary men from the tenor of great literary productions. This is not always a safe method; for the poet, and even the philosopher, have constantly their audience in mind when their pen is in hand, and it is impossible that, should they figure in action, they would display the self-same qualities that perpetuate them to posterity. We can discern this best by instances of genius in affairs that has also attempted literary labour. Cæsar, for example, in statesmanship and in campaign was quick, sudden, and ardent; as a writer he is cold, slow and precise. Napoleon III., his commentator, was subtle, circumspect and procrastinating in his régime; as an author he is open and definite. Take again our own literary statesmen. Bolingbroke was scarcely so philosophic in action as he proved in lucubration; Burke never hesitated in the study as he did in Saint Stephen's. Lord Derby was hardly so impetuous in verse as he seemed in debate.

Would Machiavelli have directed the practice as dexterously as he mastered the theory of government? Could the vulgar who saw Newton unable to make up accounts as Master of the Mint, have discerned in him the supreme mathematician? Was not Addison incapacitated from affairs by his instinct of embellishing a dispatch? Nor need we revert to great historical precedents. Everyone must count among his acquaintance men who are different in private and in public. Nor is this in any sense of the term hypocrisy. The relations of a career are components of it and inspire a man to lead. Appreciation enables an actor to merge his individuality into that of his part. Remove the surroundings and you halve the man. If it be true that the great man moulds his fellows, it is equally true that his fellow-men become the suggesters as well as the vehicles of his ideas. Alexander Selkirk and even Diogenes played their game of isolation to some real or imaginary spectators.

Our author starts with Shakespeare who never ceases to engage the deep learning, the psychological criticism, and we must add the nebulous hypotheses of the Germans. Shakespeare, he maintains, left his home with vague self-confidence. He was unconscious of a vocation. Even when he was led to the theatre, his aim was to win a solid situation. Intensely practical yet constitutionally imaginative he came to live in two worlds, the one, of persistent effort after favour and fortune, the other of his own ethereal creation, itself affected by the world outside. "In Shakespeare's nature," he remarks, "lay an extraordinary sense of all that practical life involves, he is a realist through and through. Reality excites, influences, and directs him. He knew that others were differently constituted to himself; but, as a creature apart, he never sought to appear other than he was. He was indeed merely a mirror of life. His acquaintances honoured in him the theatre-director, the fine gentleman and, in his last development, the true dramatist. His rare endowment could not be concealed, it is true, in his casual converse. In the friendly circle he bubbled over with wit, with individual turns, with ideas similar to those pictured in his dramas. Even his detractors could not deny that he was completely honourable and gifted. But no one then attributed more to him. Perhaps it was just his contemporaries who possessed the genuine impression of his significance as a man. In that epoch uncommonly vigorous and gifted personalities were by no means rare. Dramatic talent, too, abounded, and Shakespeare was only the blossom of a thicket. His dramatic nature is evidenced merely by the fact that the energies of existence and their embodying expression were for him all in all. There is the closest association between the practical men of that period and its greatest dramatic genius. None of them made any extremely deep demands on life. . . . But the same practical being, despite his strong self-control, owned at the same time wavering and shifting impulses which sprang from the unconscious processes of his fancy, and which constantly broke through the firm barriers of his reason, penetrated into its territory, and threatened confusion to its order. For this the attractive sensitivity of his organisation was responsible; for although the glow and blaze of his imagination found a withstanding fortress in his mind, they were too intrinsically intense not to impair it. . . . At such times Shakespeare, even in his daily round, stepped out of himself and surrendered himself to the forces that prompted him. At such moments his fancy coalesced with his will. . . . He lost then the ascertained boundaries which had severed him from the wistfulness of his inquiring spirit and from its indefinite immensity. . . ."

And so forth. One is tempted, notwithstanding the suggestiveness of some of this matter to apply the opening of Thackeray's parody of Lytton to its form. "In the Morning of Life", &c., Immensities and "Eros the Ever-young" are all very well, but the commonplace reader, like Mrs. Micawber, prefers "in point of fact a certainty". Our author proceeds to analyse Shakespeare as a creator and to assert that he creates, like Nature herself, from the chance material at hand and throwing out all his operations at once. Hence his treatment of themes in which he could not be versed; and hence, we suppose, the refutation of those ignorant fanciers who have sought for an explanation of the miracle by inventing one less credible, namely, the attribution of a poet's fire to a pedant's research. But if Bacon did not write "Hamlet" neither did Mr. Saitsschick, and we could wish that he had restricted himself to collecting, as one well may do, the individual traits from the published works. It is known, for instance, that Shakespeare's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, published a short treatise on madness which may well have stimulated the natural and immense curiosity of the poet until Lady Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet and Ophelia were the consequences. In the succeeding essays Mr. Saitsschick treads on less debatable ground. If his treatment of Lessing is not inspiring, and if the few lines of Heine on his favourite master be more enlightening than the somewhat long-drawn platitudes of Mr. Saitsschick, it is none the less enlightening to the unfamiliar reader. Schopenhauer comes next. He is summed up as "a passionate thinker", but one is scarcely recommended to him as a philosophic guide by the description. Schopenhauer's brilliant style and mordant pessimism have popularised him

(Continued on page 344.)



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more than his system of self-annihilation. This essay is however, in our judgment, the best and well worth reading. He closes with Wagner whom he regards as a philosopher in music. For our own part the very notion is appalling, and the mere hint of an operatic "critique of pure reason" enough to deter any sane human being from ever expending half a guinea on a stall.

*Der Hinfuss und andere Novellen.* Von Ernst Wichert. Dresden und Leipzig: Carl Reissner. 1901. M.3.

Short stories are still the vogue. In the sad narrative of "lame Peter" we have at least a true and affecting one. Peter is half Italian, and is kicked and bullied from childhood in a brutal Bavarian village. The brutality of the village is a note often recurrent in German fiction. The boy is protected by the daughter of the master who maltreats him. "Lise"—whom he rescued from drowning as a child—returns his love; but misunderstandings arise. Peter becomes a musician and fears to hazard her future on his slender prospects; they part to meet again; and once more they part, never to meet again, at least in the novel. Our last glimpse of "Pietro" is playing the violin before the Hôtel at Stresa. "Have you then now found full solace in your art?" inquires the author. "I hope Lise has found happiness" is the answer. "If she has, I have too." The next story is that of an elderly professor who meets a young girl in the churchyard whither they both daily repair to visit and tend beloved graves. The history of the former's father and the latter's mother—and the final wedding of the pair, are the result. There is a striking passage, on the sad professor's lips, about the immortality of the soul. And then we come to another tale of operatic life, which tells how an ambitious singer nearly married an old and ugly woman for funds to aid his art, but was finally reclaimed and returned to his original love; and again, there is a fanciful, half fairy-tale of "The Mantle of Love"; and, last, the pathetic account of a stupid fellow sent mad by the loss of his sweetheart. These novelettes treat of trivial things and people yet in no trivial style; they are gentle, fanciful, and lifelike; but they are at times weak and even thin. They seem to flit before us like vague visions and not to impress themselves upon us with full-bodied substantiality.

*Sonnenfunken.* Novellen von Nataly v. Eschtruth. Leipzig: Verlagsbuchhandlung von Paul List. 1901. M. 4.

This batch of stray stories we cannot praise unreservedly. Many of them are "gleams" not of "sunlight" at all, but of tinsel and spangles. When we have "mentioned again it was glorious weather", and have done with Berlin boudoirs elaborately lighted by electric lamps, an ounce of intrigue, and pounds of sentimental flirtation, very little remains. The "Kommerzienrath" widower who wants his daughter to marry the rich American whom the daughter first repulses, and afterwards welcomes, that lover himself first unwilling and afterwards aflame; the young officer, who—a peculiarly German touch—is desolated at passing Christmas without his tree and slips into love-making by consequence; the three travellers who beguile a tiresome journey by reciting their equally tiresome love stories, only to find that they have all loved the same girl—these do not strike us even as entertaining. But there are others of a more thrilling ring. Especially so is the Chinese story of "Kwan-scheng" who, condemned to the torture for theft is gently treated by the German deaconess whom he repels, but lives to rescue from the "Boxers", though with contumely as a "worm" and "white-devil", and that of "Aunt Lottie" the straitened spinster, who loves the ash-tree planted at her birth as if it were human, and dies when it is felled.

*Drei Novellen.* Von C. Wendtland. Dresden und Leipzig: C. Piersons Verlag (R. Lincke). 1901. M 1.50.

These, which consist of one long and two short stories, are of a much higher order. The first is a "scene from clerical life". A young pastor fresh from the highlands, finds himself among a strange community on the banks of the Elbe. The strangest of his parishioners is a noble and scornful lady who fascinates him by her sad scepticism, her proud beauty and her wayward sympathy. He is an optimist, and his first sermon is on the permanence of Christian love. Her unbelief passes through as many trials, so to speak, as the simplest faith might experience from doubt. Belief besets her, and she struggles against it. The pastor's sister, "Tilda" with her childlike and implicit confidence in the world, seen, as well as unseen; the pastor's own fearless enthusiasm and single-minded aims; the heroine's own material surroundings, and the need of the workers around her; all these pass and repass through the simple yet chequered web of the action. The final scene reminds us of the "Mill on the Floss". The great ice flood bursts at the approach of spring. The pastor dies a hero in rescuing his community; "Jutta" is converted by his noble death, and takes the trustful sister to walk through life with her. It is a fine theme well handled. Not a little curious is it to mark, how with all the modern and material influences brought to bear on the new German fiction, music throughout acts as reconciler and healer. In this novelette for instance, Jutta and the pastor tread through music, on neutral ground. Its influence draws all classes and all divergent interests together; and

it is just because music and the army seem the only continuous German institutions, that German life, as depicted by able novelists becomes so abruptly cleft by contrasts. On the one hand is the stiffness, the rigour, the honour, the practicality, but the narrowness, the bigotry, the materialism of military life; on the other, the dreaminess, the pensiveness, the gentleness, the idealism, if also the cosmopolitanism, of musical association. The remaining two short stories are striking also. One recounts in a few pages the meeting of a divorced husband with his wife and children in a railway carriage. The other passes on board a liner where an old sailor overhears a conversation between a German and an American which involves the fate and happiness of the son whose home he wrecked in his prosperous days. The old sailor sees a photograph in their hands, is convinced that death alone can deliver the child he has injured, and leaps overboard. It is a tragedy in petto.

We are glad to be able to close our list with tales so real as these. In the dull season of books, it is something to listen to a narrator who grips life so freshly and firmly as Herr Wendtland, and we sincerely hope that his pen may ere long be plied as convincingly once more.

For This Week's Books see page 346.

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# HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

## SEVENTY-SECOND REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 17th August, 1901.

### TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-Sheet for the half-year ending 30th June, 1901.

The net profits for that period, including \$1,410,272.65, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$3,479,515.99.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$750,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which fund will then stand at \$3,750,000.

After making this Transfer and deducting Remuneration to Directors, there remains for appropriation \$2,714,515.99, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of One Pound and Ten Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$533,333.33.

The difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 1s. 11½d., the rate of the day, amounts to \$695,466.67.

The Balance \$1,485,715.99 to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

#### DIRECTORS.

The Hon. J. J. KESWICK, the Hon. R. M. GRAY, and Mr. P. SACHSE having resigned their seats on leaving the Colony, the Hon. J. J. BELL-IRVING, Mr. H. E. TOMKINS, and Mr. H. SCHUBART have been invited to fill the vacancies respectively; all these appointments require confirmation at this Meeting.

#### AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. F. HENDERSON and Mr. C. S. SHARP who offer themselves for re-election.

R. SHEWAN,  
Chairman.

31 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, September, 1901.

## HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

### ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

30th June, 1901.

LIABILITIES		
Paid-up Capital .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00	
Reserve Funds :—		
Sterling Reserve .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00	
Silver Reserve .. .. .	3,000,000.00	
Marine Insurance Account .. .. .	23,000,000.00	
Notes in Circulation :—	250,000.00	
Authorized Issue against Securities deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00	
Additional Issue authorised by Hongkong Ordinance No. 17 of 1900, against Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government .. .. .	2,561,679.38	
Current Accounts { Silver .. .. .	\$70,109,213.74	12,561,679.38
Gold .. .. .	24,476,700.35	
Fixed Deposits { Silver .. .. .	\$36,451,538.32	94,585,914.09
Gold .. .. .	3,467,783.28 = 35,498,411.20	
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments) .. .. .	16,194,837.47	71,949,949.52
Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	3,479,515.99	
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £4,801,676 16s. 7d., of which up to this date £3,235,520 have run off.		
		\$221,951,896.45

ASSETS.		
Cash .. .. .	\$41,997,778.68	
Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against Note Circulation in excess of \$10,000,000 .. .. .	3,686,000.00	
Bullion in Hand and in Transit .. .. .	6,987,983.43	
Indian Government Rupee Paper .. .. .	2,043,783.53	
Consols, Colonial and Other Securities .. .. .	6,033,859.45	
Sterling Reserve Fund Investments, viz :—		
£250,000 .. .. . 2½ Per Cent. Consols.		
Lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve, at 90 £225,000	\$1,900,000.00	
£222,500 2½ Per Cent. Consols.		
£300,000 2½ Per Cent. National War Loan at 90 £470,250	4,702,500.00	
£353,500 .. .. . Other Sterling Securities standing in the books at £339,750 .. .. .	3,397,500.00	
Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits .. .. .	10,000,000.00	
Bills Receivable .. .. .	75,426,204.11	
Bank Premises .. .. .	74,756,783.05	
	719,503.60	
		\$221,951,896.45

### GENERAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

30th June, 1901.

Dr.		
To Amounts Written Off :—		
Remuneration to Directors .. .. .	\$15,000.00	
Dividend Account :—		
£1 10s. per Share on 80,000 Shares = £120,000 at 4s. 6d. .. .. .	\$533,333.33	
Dividend Adjustment Account :—		
Difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend is declared, and 1s. 11½d., the current rate of the day .. .. .	695,466.67	
Transfer to Silver Reserve Fund .. .. .	750,000.00	
Balance carried forward to next half-year .. .. .	1,485,715.99	
	\$3,479,515.99	

Cr.		
By Balance of Undivided Profits, 31st December, 1901 .. .. .	\$1,410,272.65	
" Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending 30th June, 1901, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, deducting all expenses and interest paid and due .. .. .	2,069,243.34	
	\$3,479,515.99	

### STERLING RESERVE FUND.

To Balance .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00
	\$10,000,000.00

By Balance 31st December, 1900 .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00
(Invested in Sterling Securities.) .. .. .	
	\$10,000,000.00

### SILVER RESERVE FUND.

To Balance .. .. .	\$3,750,000.00
	\$3,750,000.00

By Balance 31st December, 1900 .. .. .	\$3,000,000.00
" Transfer from Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	750,000.00
	\$3,750,000.00

T. JACKSON, Chief Manager.

J. C. PETER, Chief Accountant.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

R. SHEWAN,  
J. J. BELL-IRVING,  
N. A. SIEBS, } Directors.

F. HENDERSON,  
C. S. SHARP, } Auditors.

HONGKONG, 1st August, 1901.

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